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THE

WANDERING ISLANDER,

VOL. I.



THE
WANDERING ISLANDER;
OR, THE
HISTORY
OF
Mr. CHARLES NORTH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

—NOW THE POOR FELLOW DID HIS BEST, AND YET
HIS MASTER SMOTE HIM, BUT HE WAS VERY SORRY FOR IT
AFTERWARDS.

WILLIAM PENN.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. RIDGWAY, YORK-STREET,
ST. JAMES'S-SQUARE.

MDCCLXII.

WINDING MILL

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WINDING



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FISHING
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HUNTING
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MUSEUM OF
SHOOTING
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AND THE
MUSEUM OF
SOCCER

ERRATA

VOL. I.

- P. 41. l. 1. After the word "shall" add "luxury."
- P. 42. l. 10. for "Benedictine" read "Benedictine."
- P. 43. l. 1. for "Benedictine" read "Benedictine."
- P. 44. l. 1. for "Benedictine" read "Benedictine."
- P. 45. l. 1. for "Benedictine" read "Benedictine."

VOL. II.

P. 175. l. 25. del. with.

ERRATA

VOL. I.

- P. 41. l. After the word "that" *add* *Luxury*.
P. 42. l. 20. for *Benedictorium*, *read* *Benedictorum*.
P. 161. l. 3. for *Patrium*, *read* *Patrum*.
P. 202. l. 22. for *Procluius*, *read* *Proclusius*.
P. 257. l. 6. for *Kieran*, *read* *Kieran's*.

VOL. II.

- P. 175. l. 25. *dele* *wish*.

TO THE

Right Hon. LORD RAWDON.

MY LORD,

SUCH is the degeneracy of modern *Dedication*, that
with the immortal Butler,

"It matters not how false or forc'd,

"So the best things be said of the worst;"

*which would be sufficient to discourage the appearance
of any thing under the name; were it not, that ex-
ceptions to this general assertion have arisen in our
own days, evincing the mild but superior dignity of
Truth, however unadorned, to all the glittering tinsel
of unmerited panegyric.*

*These remarks, with respect to the present ad-
dress, would be needless, were the Reader but ac-
quainted with the many and disinterested favours
which you have from time to time conferred on me un-
solicited; he would then look on this to be, what in
reality*

reality it is, the spontaneous tribute of unaffected gratitude, unalloyed with the slightest tincture of adulation, the imputation of which, at once to remove, I shall neither dwell on the clearness of your head, the goodness of your heart, or what you have little—little need of calling to your aid, a descent truly illustrious. I shall only just beg then, that you will receive these Volumes as you do myself.

The AUTHOR.

INTRO.

INTRODUCTION.

FRIEND.

I'M glad to find you alone.

AUTHOR.

I will not say, with the ancient philosopher, that I was in very good company till you came, as I am always happy to see my friends.

FRIEND.

Of that I am sensible ; but I am glad, I say, to find you by yourself, not beside yourself.

VOL. I.

B

AUTHOR.

AUTHOR.

How, what do you mean?

FRIEND.

Why you must know, that the report is, that you are about to turn author, which, in this critical age, though it cannot be properly called the age of criticism, is only another word for a madman.

AUTHOR.

Even so, "there is a pleasure in being mad which none but madmen know:" we are in a free country, cannot a man amuse himself with his pen as often as he pleases? and what signifies freedom, if at times a person don't avail himself of the happiness of it?

FRIEND.

True, provided it might have the same effect on his readers: but numbers are gratified in finding out faults; like insects, that fly over the sound parts to indulge on sores.

AUTHOR.

AUTHOR.

If so, I think I can furnish such with abundant gratification, and much good may it do them; and in order to gratify them still more, I have chosen a name that may be punned upon, which is the only species of wit, in all probability, such can arrive to any degree of mediocrity in.

FRIEND.

But do not you think there are books enough already?

AUTHOR.

Solomon seemed to think so some thousand years ago; but the modern Solomons seem to think otherwise; besides, if writers are encreasing, so are trunk-makers, pastry-cooks, cheese-mongers, &c. &c. &c. and is it nothing to line a lady's trunk? to be embalmed in spices? to envelope the blessings of Cambria? or to repose in kindred cobwebs in Middle Row or Moor-fields?

FRIEND.

And at the same time, where does the poor author repose? in fresco perhaps under the Piazza of Covent Garden! A-well-a-day! that the press should provide bread for every one that is concerned in it, the poor writer alone excepted! To be dipt in ink is to be dipt in misery: and should the hapless writer attempt to raise his fame, should he discover the slightest spark of genius, the fire-engines pour in from every quarter, and that spark, which would have warmed the world for many years to come, is in an instant extinguished.

AUTHOR.

Mortifying reflections indeed!

FRIEND.

I would have you consider well before you appear in print, unless you can appear in all the fashion of the day: as I have already observed, this is the age of criticism, an age in which there are ten critics for one writer, and ten writers for one reader, and ten thousand readers for one that understands.

AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

AUTHOR.

Why then should I be singular?

FRIEND.

Singular or plural, I find I can't persuade you; perhaps you may think better of it. Farewell!

AUTHOR.

Farewell my friend! Now that he is gone, let me address the reader in my own manner.—That man is an odd compound, I believe you will not deny; and though this remark might have been made a thousand and a thousand times before me, do not take me for a second-hand philosopher, retailing other people's sentiments and scraps of learning; I speak from observation and my own feelings, and I find that I make a tolerable figure in the line of mutability, and perhaps you are no trifling actor therein yourself; admiring one year what disgusted in another, and liking to-day what displeased yesterday: This change of taste pervading the human mind, from the hours that bells and rattles delighted

to the days that crutches and spectacles are necessary, gives birth to whim, and whim creates fashion ; hence that infinite variety in dress and amusement, that keeps the great world busy, and the little world staring at it ; hence heads that pierce the skies, which a little before were scarcely perceivable ; hence that variety of shapes, triple capes, and buckles that mount the entire shoe, though a microscope was necessary, some time ago, to discover this important article ; hence large hoops, and small hoops, and no hoops at all, with skirts, shirts and waists of all dimensions, and hats contracting and expanding like the sensitive plant, when touched or relieved from it ; hence it is that even features and complexions have their days of admiration and neglect : books and writers are in the same predicament ; I have seen the Spectator thrown carelessly by, after a few lines having been drawled out from one of the best papers in it. I have heard the Adventurer called scarcely tolerable ; seen Milton prove disgusting ; Johnson called a stupid pedant, and Pope a vile imitator ; and all this by persons who had admired them

them a thousand and a thousand times before. When the instrument is out of tune what the Devil music can be expected? Why then should it be thought odd, that I should not hit every wayward taste, and at all times? full well I know that I must run the gauntelope of criticism, and be pardoned perhaps after execution. Can I expect to please a lady after a bad run at cards; particularly if detected in slipping one, of tipping a signal? neither if rouge hath been laid on awkwardly, with the bloom fuller on one cheek than the other, producing ill-natured sneers and critical remarks? Or if none of these should happen; or if it should happen, which, thank Heaven, but seldom happens, that a lady should not know her own mind, the knowledge of which depends on such a variety of circumstances, I trust I shall stand excused in passing over every one of them;—if a lover has been inattentive, or has thrown a glance in an improper direction, a billet-doux lost, good man out of temper at late hours, cash all gone, disappointed by the hair-dresser, lap-dog sick, china-cup cracked, eye-brows missing, Hoyle mislaid, Prayer Book at hand,

scandal exhausted, an old maid married, and perhaps a rival toasted? How I can expect to please an old gentleman after being jilted by a giggling girl? or a young one after being stripped at Brooke's, or deceived by his taylor, and an engagement on his hands with a *damn'd* fine girl? or a doctor, having killed an excellent patient, in a slow fever too? or a lawyer, found guilty of taking money on one side, in order to cheat the other, with an intent to defraud both? or a patriot, who has been discovered tampering with the immaculate minister, before his bargain was closed? or a brawny man of God, disappointed of a fat living?—under these and such like mortifying circumstances nothing can please; and why, in the name of goodness, should I hope to please? but as soon as the fermented spirits have subsided, every thing will go on as smooth and as glib as a new-cleaned clock. After what has been said, and sung, and whistled, I hope you will excuse me, if I add, that at all times there will be found some who are too wise to be pleased, others too proud to be pleased, some too learned to be pleased, and others too ignorant to be pleased;

pleased; and some of so much consequence, that they are seldom pleased except with their own dear conceptions, at the same time, not considering how necessary it is to their health to unbend a little, and to step off their stilts; it is a duty they owe both to themselves and their children: and though Lord Chesterfield, of graceful memory, has laid it down as criminal to give the muscles leave to play the breadth of a hair beyond a gentle smile, yet I do hold that a comfortable laugh may now and then be admitted into a civilized company; provided Doctor Starch is not present, my Lady Sneer, Sir Peter Perpendicular, Sir Christopher Cloudy, or Lord Stately, who will not permit a smiler to struggle through their whalebone features. Ye spirits of Sterne, Cervantes, and Rabelais, arise, and whip me such affectation! I am no advocate, however, for the sarcastic laugh, the horse laugh, or the broad unmeaning grin; the laugh extempore, nor yet the excentric laugh, but for that generous impulse of nature, where the heart joins in chorus, and not only the entire frame, but every thing in the house, vibrates in unison

B 5

with

with it.—If the reader will be so indulgent as just to permit me to illustrate what I have said, by the transcript of a letter, which I received from a friend the other day, who is a perfect fiddle in this way.

DEAR CHARLES,

You chide me for not writing, but you should much rather thank me when I have found a sort of inclination for writing, and imagined that I was in proper humour for it: opportunity was wanting, and when opportunities offered themselves, they, like my applications to madam Fortune, always came too late, for no stirrings of inclination could I find within or without me, but the fidgets or blue devils, and sometimes both, driving helter-skelter pell-mell; what would be the consequence, should I write to you at such a time?—Why, before you could read five lines you would be in the same situation; I see it plainly, I see you open my letter, as Tom delivers it, and after taking a cheerful laugh at some witty saying of his, and a pinch of snuff, you begin;—the first moment you look grave,
the

the second you rub your elbows and shrug your shoulders, the third you get up, take a few turns across the room;—first quick, then slow; enquire if the fog is not heavier than usual; a yawn or two succeeds, and a hint about a head-ach, and that sleep is a useful thing; my letter is crumpled up with a sort of smothered curse, and that you will endeavour get through the remainder of it to-morrow, if possible. You might as well prescribe saw-dust for the gout, as writing at such a time.

Your's,

DICK SAUNTER.

PROCLAMATION.

O yes! O yes! O yes! and O yes, a fourth time, if there is any magic in old Norman French—this is to inform all high-sounding words that wish to be conspicuous, all tall hyperboles that would look down with contempt on your creeping figures, gaudy epithets that are anxious to shine like tulips, expletives that would be looked on as so many led horses—that if they light on my pen of their own accord they shall be welcome; but if they do not, I am resolved neither to ensnare nor solicit them; and as for quotations, though I should even stand in need of one, I shan't drag it in by the head and shoulders, unless at times it may be to shew my strength.

Privileges of a Novel Writer.

A NOVEL WRITER may be as profuse of titles, as any monarch in Europe.

_____ may lay all his or her scenes in high life, provided he or she live in a garret.

_____ may break a promise as well any Lord in the kingdom.

_____ not bound to spell words according to Johnson, Sheridan, &c.

_____ if a female, at full liberty to break Priscian's head, as often as she does her husband's; and if her novel does not succeed, may hang or drown herself—why not, as well as poets and painters?

_____ entitled to prose licence as well as poetic, and to eat and drink at pleasure—in imagination.

_____ at full liberty to seize on all French prizes, provided they understand a few words of the language.

_____ at

entitled to disemvowel, or rather, as *Tom Brown* expresses it, to *disembowel* any word or words, in the English or any other language.

always permitted to throw the one half of their faults on the *unfortunate* press, and the other on the bad taste of the public.

THE
WANDERING ISLANDER, &c.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

NOW I stand like a stranger at the meeting of many roads, not so much as a finger-post to direct me—take but one at once—thank you, Master Tony.

Measure it a hundred times, saith the Italian, before you cut it once—may I be found to be related to some rascally, what you please to call him,
doomed

doomed to live in the perpetual smiles of fortune, and even knighted into the bargain, if ever I once thought of the matter!—Pies on your artificial letters!—let it flow from the pen as it is dictated by the heart, without so much as once passing into the head, and perhaps it will be nothing the worse for it. Every thing has a beginning, as Abidas * said, when he ran mad; and no doubt many of my friends will imagine that I am about to follow the inspired example, *non passibus æquis*, in thus launching out my little paquet-boat, amidst the ad-

* A celebrated philosopher, author of a scarce tract, entitled A Treatise on Methodized Madness, by which any man of plain common sense, in less than three weeks, may, if he chuses, run as mad as a March Hare. The author, it is true, in many places has laid himself open to many animadversions, or rather any-mad-versions, according to the orthography of Mr. Elphinstone. See the first section of the second page of the third chapter of the fourth volume of the fifth book of the works of Johannes in Nubibus, faithfully printed after the last Lunar edition. *venturous*

venturous rovers of the pen, after I had gained the harbour so long languished after: as I promised, however, to give some account of the voyage, such as it was, on a stormy ocean, without compass or rudder, perhaps, I shall not meet with a better opportunity than the present, as I have been just inducted into a large farm—you thought I was going to say a benefice—which may be said to be entirely in a state of nature, that is the very state I wished to have it in; as you know I am fond of agriculture, not a moment in a short time shall I have to spare. In one corner I intend to sow all my wild oats; in another I am about to raise a bower to the bees; in a third I shall twine an arbour for Philomela, that nightly sings beneath my window—I shall take care that no rude hand shall invade her downy nest; in the fourth, as I have corners enough, I have scoped out the leaf-wrought grotto, of which you were so kind as
to

to give me the hint, and which at present exceeds Calypso's fabled one. I have taken the model of my labyrinth from the windings of the hare; and that timid animal shall be always sure of an asylum in it. I have deepened the murmurs of my falling floods, raised a seat for the weary traveller under one of the largest of my elms: in short, I have consulted Nature in almost every thing, and shall take care that Art, however insinuating, shall never rise a whit higher than she ought on those occasions. Her handmaid, my echoes, already exceed Paddy Blake's*, or any other that you can mention

* Amongst the many anecdotes related of honest Paddy, it is said, that being once in company with the late Duke of Cumberland, and several other gentlemen, the conversation happened to turn on Echo, and the places most remarkable for the residence of that airy nymph—"You may say what you please," quoth Paddy, "of Woodstock, &c. &c. but my brother's estate in Ireland excels all the world in echoes, as well as in every thing else;

mention—not even the celebrated one excepted, which Don Pedro Reggis gravely asserts to have been caught on the delightful banks of the Casis, so happily celebrated by Jovianus Pontanus.

As a garden was the first abode of innocence, in laying out mine I have been particularly attentive to every thing that may recal the charms of those days; in doing this I have consulted the genius of the place, which I prefer to all the geniuses that ever wrote on the subject. In memory of Pyramus and Thisbe, the sapient mulberry shall not be forgotten, nor yet

else; nay, there is one I am so familiar with, that she never fails to salute me thus: ‘How do you do, Mr. Paddy?’ and in return, as I wish to be polite to the ladies, I say, ‘And how do you do, Miss Echo?’ To which she constantly answers, ‘Very well, I thank you.’ In short, I tell you, gentlemen, one Irish Echo is worth a whole cart-load of English ones.” At this time, it seems, the Laureat’s Echoing Car was not known.

the foolish Amygdalus*; and that the pines may whisper in secret, they shall keep company only with the trembling aspin. You would imagine that my lilies had just fallen from the purest fields of light—my marigolds from the sun—my primroses from the moon—my pinks from the bosom of Aurora—and my dews from the stars, as pure as the tears of those that died for love. My tulips are very gaudy; but I cannot say that I am so fond of them as Lipsius†. I have raised a verdant mound around the whole, and committed the care of it to one that will not abuse my confidence; every

* See Pliny's Unnatural History:

† Lipsius declared, in a letter to his friend, that the fine tulip roots he had received from him gave him more pleasure and delight, than if he had sent him so many lumps of silver or gold.—*Cariores inquit mihi tuliparum bulbiquos misisti selectarum quam si globulos totidem auri vel argenti misisses. Vulgus non credet. Ego de meo animo et ex animo loquor. Lips. Epist. edit. Antwerp. p. 60.*

tree

tree is to shoot out as wide and as high as it pleases, not a trace of the shears, 'till I am well convinced, by some Dutch commentator, that Adam was entrusted with a pair; he is only to brush off the unwholesome dews, and to canopy the nest of every bird that delights to build in it, except the ruthless hawk. In this delightful retreat, I hope to entertain the four seasons at once. And as I am as fond of sunshine as Diogenes, I only wish that I could lay up as much of it in summer as would serve me throughout the winter: I have chosen a spot, however, in which I think I shall enjoy my portion of it. I do not intend to raise a very large house, but expect to render it as commodious as possible; for this purpose my principal chambers exactly face the chambers of the south, so that when the sweet influence of the pleiades is unbound, I can have my share of it; my bedroom is to shoot into the garden, in
which

which I trust I shall enjoy what your favourite calls the *somnus altus*, somewhat like that which Job longed for in the land of Inanity; and in order that I may sleep with my fathers, and a dozen or two of my grandmothers, I have pitched my tent within a few paces of the church-yard, every particle of which I may say is related to me; two of my sisters at present repose in it, beneath the umbrage of a spreading palm, that rose as it were spontaneously to guard the sacred spot—so beautiful on earth, that they were called the twin stars; how must they now shine in the kingdom of their father!

Hence did they go just as they did begin
Sorrow to know, before they knew to sin:
Death, that does sin and sorrow thus prevent,
Is the next blessing to a life well spent.

And surely, if the estimate of human life amounts to what the divine Socrates hath computed it at, may we not well rejoice? But nature will have her

her tribute, and I never refuse to pay it. I had nearly forgotten to tell you, that I have also laid out a little room, into which on proper occasions I can retire to mourn. In fine, the prospect would be delicious if diversified with a ruin or two at intervals ; I should like to survey the disjointed column, and the time-shook tower ; but such is the goodness of our prince, that he permits nothing to run to ruin that lies in his power, except one old castle, which may be said to be embalmed in the songs of the native bards, in consequence of the tender motives which gave birth to it*.

Instead

* This castle is perhaps one of the most precious monuments of antiquity ; it is situated on the banks of a delightful river, incircled with a number of trees, particularly the majestic oak, which seem to weep over the mouldering pile they have guarded time immemorial ; the windings are so intricate that it is not safe to enter without a guide, particularly one of the towers, which is entirely covered with ivy.—Tradition

Instead of reading books, I must
now learn to read the planets, as the
vulgar

tion says, that this structure was planned by the
Princess ELL or ELLA, in order to conceal her
lover from the resentment of her father and step-
mother, the latter of whom found means to
poison the enamoured youth.—The following is
a translation of the whole, except the many local
beauties in the original, which would, it is feared,
be lost to the English reader.

This reverend fabric stands sublime,
And sinking to decay,
Wears all the silent marks of time,
Grass choaks th'untrodden way.

The gate you enter, know your guide,
'Tis death and darkness all;
For should you err one step aside,
In vain for help you call.

The story's second height you gain,
And still new toils abound,
Each weary step is mark'd with pain,
And dangers threaten round.

And now you hear a hollow wind,
Now starting turn to hark,
Now talking look with fear behind,
Like children in the dark.

Nor

vulgar call it, in order to celebrate
the marriage of the vine, under the
most

Nor wonder when the truth is known,
Love form'd the mazy pile :
The princess Ell of Islatone,
The fairest beauty in the isle ;

Had choice of lovers in her train
From all the nations round ;
They woo'd, alas ! but woo'd in vain,
For none her favour found.

But Love at length a chosen youth
Provided for the maid,
She saw, approv'd his love and truth,
And with her hand repaid.

Thrice happy youth, the people cry'd,
Thrice blest in such a wife,
And yet that fair, that valued bride
Was purchas'd with thy life.

That life to guard, thy princess plan'd
The pile of Elderdeems,
Each maze was fashion'd by her hands,
Like fancy's fairy dreams.

Say by whose malice Urmor bled,
The cause of vengeance tell ;
'Twas by a father's second bed,
The gallant Urmor fell.

most auspicious ; and if she happens
to go astray, let her blame her stars,
as

A-neighbouring princefs to his throne
That father newly brought,
The jealous mother, pregnant grown,
The life of Urmor fought.

Fierce in the chase, one fatal day,
The youthful bridegroom rode,
And, heated with the sweltering ray,
Embrac'd the cooling flood :

He plung'd, the fever shooting fire
Ran madding thro' his frame,
And charg'd with many a danger dire
Strong burn'd th' unconquer'd flame.

Yet drugs at length, of virtue bland,
The fervid veins assuage,
And Ella's more than healing hand
Abates the furious rage.

Now, cry'd the proud ambitious dame,
The precious pledge I bear,
The crown of Islatone shall claim
His father's lawful heir.

Urmor the cup of death shall taste
With deadliest poison fraught,
And Ella's fond officious haste,
Administer the draught.

Then

as many a fair one has done before her on the same occasion.

And in order to diffuse the streams of happiness thro' as many channels as possible, I shall study to carry it to the meanest of my cottagers: he that cannot read of a wet day shall be indulged in something else, perhaps as congenial to his taste; and if in my power not one of the four domestic evils which Hedfeldius has enumerated shall haunt the lowliest straw-built shed: * the poet shall pay his quit-rent with a song, and I hope to be able to send you some excellent ones, as this country boasts, the offspring of many, particularly one, who raised devotion to rapture, and taught

Then poison mix'd of hemlock made,

And plac'd by Urmor's side:

Take this and live, fair Ella said;

He tasted, bow'd—and dy'd.

* Sunt mala terna domus imber, mala scemina,
fumus quartum, cum mane surgunt pueri sine
pane.

the very rocks to melt at the name of disastrous love—he never committed any thing to paper.—As soon as that tyrant Death transferred the warbling measures of his breath, a neat marble slab was placed over the spot which holds his remains. The curate of the parish has written these lines, which I intend to have engraved on it :

Ye gentle nymphs, your own fam'd SILAS mourn,
And annual strew fresh roses on his urn ;
To your soft bosoms he his verse consigns,
And makes your heart the tablet of his lines ;
Thus shall his numbers live, tho' void of art,
While there remains in Cara one soft heart.

But why do I talk of “ graves, of epitaphs, of worms and tombs ?” Write sorrow in the dust ; let us be merry, caper and dance, to something else, in the hop and jump way.

As I am but a new beginner, in the line of letter-writing especially, I feel the necessity of taking some one for my guide, who is allowed to have excelled therein. What do you think

think of Bolingbroke? You might as well, my dear friend, bid me paint the water of a diamond! Balzac then;—that indeed, as Johnson says, would be to catch the *gentle* agitation of a grove in a *gentle* storm; and indeed I think I could as soon catch a comet by the tail. There's your favourite Swift.—'Tis not even expected that West should paint the odour of a rose; and as to Sterne—I might as well imitate nature at once. Nay, the truth is, I dare not so much as read a line of those writers, lest it should put me out of all conceit with myself; and what would be the consequence, if I even should succeed in this respect? at best I should be but an imitator. Heaven forbid that ever I should be classed with one of the servile herd! as to quotations, I think myself pretty fairly entitled to them.—But the truth is, I would much rather have a guinea of my own than be indebted to *Child*, or even

Hope, in the sum of five hundred.—With regard to plagiarism a writer may as well steal as not, for he is sure to be accused of it; but it is not every one that possesses the dexterity of a Barrington.

But after all, I don't say that I won't take advice, provided it falls in with my own opinion: I know there are rules in abundance laid down for letter-writing, even by those that knew they could not follow them. Heaven blest you, there are as many rules for letter-writing, as there are cures for the tooth-ach—but as I neither eat, drink, walk, talk, nor speak by rule, I do not see that I should write by it. Thank our stars, we are not all of one opinion. A great critic on this subject has furnished a list of writers, which should absolutely be read by every letter-writer in the bills of mortality*. One advises
you

* Conduct of the Dutches of Marlborough, in Sheets—Preservative against Poetry—The Art of making

you to consult the Virgilian lots—I
would as soon consult Dr.—on the
state

making Hay in wet Weather—The Art of Washing without Water—An Act to prevent the further growth of Criticism—Art of making Bricks without Straw—Art of living on 13000*l.* a year, by a Bishop—Art of living on 20*l.* a year, by a Curate. Art of Wit, by an Alderman—Art of Eating, by a Poet—A Tract on the Theory of Swearing--Art of Scolding, inscribed by Permission to her *bull-eyed* Majesty, in one of her good Humours--Description of 300 Three-legged Animals--*Tractatus de Lana Caprina*, proposed as a Prize Question to one of our Universities about 500 years ago, and not yet decided—Art of Dancing on one Leg by M. Le Smile, patentee Bow-maker—The Art of Ringing the Changes on Three Sermons, by a Pluralist—Account of a Man that was born with a Silver Spoon in his Mouth, extracted from the 644th volume of the Philosophical Transactions—A Treatise on the Use of useless Things, inscribed to the Antiquaries of Great Britain---The Siege and Surrender of Pamela—The Lamentations of Cleopatra for the loss of an old Night-cap--The GoldFinder, a poem, inscribed to *Famie B---l*—Common Sense, common placed, for the use of Men of uncommon Sense, such as Heads of Colleges &c.--A Treatise on Jew Bail, in answer to John Doe and Richard Roe, dedicated to one of Margaret Nicholson's Knights—Familiar Letters in the manner of Dr. Johnson--One pair

state of my health, says his commentator.—A second gives it as his opinion that you ought to set out like the mail coach, or Beetham's chiropeddeal car, which goes without asses; a third like a spavined horse; and a fourth, on being consulted, and taking a month's time to consider, answered at the end, with a very grave countenance to be sure, "Set out as well you can;" and I wish I had done so at once, without troubling my noddle with any of them.

Gentle reader, you see then that the exordium of a letter is not the least difficult; a poor scribbler like me would require to have ten eyes, and a pair of spectacles to each of them, to escape censure in this very point. Bonaventure, who often writes at venture, like

pair of Scissars worth Ten Pens, or the Modern Art of Book-making—Post haste Observations on sundry Publications, entered in Cheefemongers Hall—Broad Hints in Broad Scotch—A Short Dialogue, betwixt Two Long Noses—Skittles, a Poem, by an old Gentleman who has tipt the *Nine* as often as any Poet in England.

your

your humble servant, gives it as his opinion, that in all the opulence of language, and what is more of conception, it is not easy to find words wherewith to begin a letter ; and another of equal fame, and ten times his gravity, as solemnly declares, that it is still harder to hit on words wherewith to conclude it: in this dilemma, or what you please to call it, I think I had better endeavour to get on to the middle, which is the safest way, especially for one that wishes to avoid extremes: “the “noiseless tenour of the way” for me ; on recollection that will not entirely do either. Order is Heaven’s first law, never to be broken in upon but in letter-writing and gardening, says one of our best poets;—so like, quoth a second, that the one may be mistaken for the other ;—by a blind man only, quoth a fourth ;—ay, or by one with all his eyes about him, quoth a fifth; what the sixth said on this very important subject, is not yet come to hand. After all, perhaps

it will be found, that it is in letter-writing as in life, "when a man hath done, then he beginneth, and when he leaveth off then he shall be doubtful*." Of this, however, I have no doubt, that I am, and ever shall be,

Your sincere Friend.

* Eccles.

LET.

LETTER II.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HOW beautifully does the King of Day set out on his golden pilgrimage ! all nature seems to revive at his appearance, it is Philomela only that makes me in love with night ; but why should I detain you in descanting on what you are so capable of enjoying yourself ? Having now done with all your letter casuists, I hope I shall be indulged in my own manner : you know I am not positive, but I will have my own way. Once indeed I proposed to open in the manner of an ordinary, but again, if words and ideas did not come in pudding-time, how should I be roasted by A, cut up by B, reared by C, unbraced by D, unlaced by E, winged by F, allayed by G, displayed by H, mangled by I, cursed by K, lacerated by L, minced by M, nauseated by N,

c 6

N, snarled at by R, hissed at by S, and so on, *sine fine*, throughout the whole alphabet; and in the name of all the Gods at once, and half a dozen Goddesses, who would pity me, after the inimitable Fielding, who has given such a delicious treat of this kind, that I question if one of his guests ever rose dissatisfied?—Enough of this, however, and perhaps a little too much by the bye; to the post, to the post if possible, take care you don't run your head against it. Never fear it, in case I should, there's no great danger. Now I find it customary with writers in this line to begot their parents, strange reverse, but in truth I am not ashamed to own that my father begat me, though I never heard that one of our family ran any higher than Adam the old gardener, and from that down I'm sure there must have been some in the motley list worth boasting of, if I took any pride in the reflected panegyric of genealogy, the good Bishop of *Llandaff*'s saying on
this

this subject * for me, and the more especially, as he is a Welch Prelate, even in preference to † *La Bruyere*, or Dr. Young. “No man despises birth, but he that can’t boast of it, and no man boasts of it that can boast of any thing else.”

My father, then, was a Clergyman of the church of England as by law established, or rather as by the Gospel established, for he preferred the authority of the Bible to an act of the senate; and though he never rose higher than a curate, nor ever sought to rise higher, it was observed that he never lost any of his heighth in speaking of the dignity of its hierarchy, which he often

* See his Lordship’s speech in the House of Lords, on the Duke of Queensbury’s accepting the title of the Duke of Dover.

† “If it be a good and excellent thing to be born of noble and illustrious ancestors, it is much more so to be such a man that no one shall ask who your father was;” and I am sure there’s some, even in high life, that could not answer the question if it was put to them.

did,

did, as Story himself was not better versed in the priesthood ; yet I have at times seen him shake his head, and heard him say, that the sons of Levi “ took too much upon them.” Groome was so great a favourite, that he interleaved his works, and added several notes.

As he was the younger son of a younger brother—for there was a superfoetation of those chaps in our family, owing in a great measure to the law of primogeniture, which was very lucky for the eldest, who happened to be little better than fools, and must have begged their bread, if they had not been born to an estate—as he was the younger son I say, my grandfather, who plainly saw how matters went in the church, was determined to bring him up to some decent trade, at the instance of a cousin (a remarkable benefice broker, that is, a man that dealt in fat and lean livings) he was prevailed on to train him for the church,
in

in consequence of which he was sent to study divinity, which in those foolish days was looked on as an article as necessary in a Divine, as the whole thirty-nine together: but it is only doing him justice to say, that he did not make a trade of religion; no! he was too fond of her to prostitute her charms: on the contrary, he took such delight in portraying them, that even infidels approached to kiss the hem of her garment, which dropt with myrrh and aloes beyond the balm of Gilead. She dealt in no mysteries, laid on no paint, lived in no labyrinth, the paths that led to her abode were plain, and though shooting out into different directions, united in the centre, like the rays of glory that played round her head. In terms like these did he bring about the peace of the Church; his example strengthened his precepts, insomuch that, like Parson Adams, he was called the father of his numerous auditory, who, like himself, were not called hearers

hearers of the word only, but doers.— He was not merely the physician of the soul—at the instant that he poured the balm of consolation from his lips, he was as generally successful in cooling the agonies of a fever, or binding up the bodily wound with balmy fingers. Few Clergymen said their prayers oftener of their own accord. His notions of commerce he drew from Sir Andrew Freeport; Sir Roger de Coverly and he tallied exactly in their ideas of landed interest; the philanthropic Fenelon strengthened his opinion of policy and government; like old Macklin he was always attached to the broadest system of liberty. How often have I heard him, even in the pulpit, dilate with rapture on the poverty of the Spartans, the blessings of freedom, and the charms of peace! What avails all our industry? said he, what inducement is there to plow, and to plant, if the produce is to be cut down by the sword of the tyrant; in such a case who will sow the doubtful grain?

His

His learning was various ; he liked to gossip, as he used to call it, with every writer, but lived in reality with the scriptures, in which he was deeply versed ; though at the same time he did not suppose they had escaped interpolation ; that he might distinguish, however, between the tares and the wheat, he applied himself with such diligence to the study of the Hebrew tongue, that he might be said to be a critic in it—but he could not bear to see the sublime poetry of the Old Testament chopped into dactyls, trochs, spondees, &c.

Antiquity and he were old acquaintances ; his delight was to trace that eccentric animal man in every stage, from the day he fed on acorns, slaked his thirst at the transparent brook, to the time that cookery became a science, and that sunk enfeebled on the bed of down.

Chronology and he were chronies ; yet after all he confessed, with Sarson
and

and several others, that it was impossible to settle accounts with father Time.

As it is but fair that imagination, which gives us so much pleasure, should be sometimes indulged in a little herself—occasionally be used to take an airing with the Muse—but was never so highly pleased in her company, as when she taught the lute to languish to those tender notes, of which the tripe-clad Hottentot and half-frozen Laplander are susceptible.

And in order to mark the reign of superstition and credulity, he had formed a collection of the * lives and canonization of fundry saints, particularly the life of St. Augustine, of which we meet an abridgment in the *Calendarium Annuale Benedictorium*, which only contains 30,000 miracles of that saint, with missals and passionales.

To

* Viz. St. Anselm, by Eadmerus; St. Adan, St. Thomas Becket, St. Cuthbert, tutelar saint of Durham,

To such extent did he carry these studies, that it may be literally said, he took more pains to settle the sons of Noah than to settle his own, though he had four of us, with as many daughters, save one, so dear to each other, that one only wished to live to see the rest provided for. Like honest

Durham, St. David by Giraldus Cambrensis, St. Dunstan, St. Elphege, and Odo, archbishop of Canterbury, by Osborn, the monk; St. Edmund, king of the East Angles, by Abbo Floriacensis; and his cousin, St. Fremund, son of king Offa, by Burchard of Dorchester; St. Edward the Confessor, by Ælred, abbot of Rievaulx; St. Guthlac of Croyland; St. Goodric, St. Hugh, bishop of Lincoln, St. Marcellinus of York, St. Mildred by Gotteline de Sancto Bertino; St. Oswald, archbishop of York, St. Robert, bishop of Hereford. These are only just presented to the reader as a specimen; for it would swell a thousand Belgic volumes, even to give the bare names of the miracle-mongers of those days; when a man or woman could be sainted with as little difficulty as an alderman can be knighted at present: but superstition, thank Heaven! is now on her death-bed, and may she never recover!

Crow,

Crow, he consigned us to Providence*, who knows our necessities before we ask, and is even readier to give than we are to ask, those things which constitute our happiness here and hereafter.—Our patriarchal mansion was built on the summit of a gently rising hill, lest it should escape the eye of the way-worn traveller, who was always sure to find a “ready chair” and a hearty repast, crowned with a cup of home-brewed beverage, which he usually called Adam’s ale;

* The reformation had found so able an advocate in the life and conversation of this pious pastor, that his enemies deemed him worthy of martyrdom, which he passed through with all the gaiety of a More, the resignation of a Socrates, and the constancy of a Huss. Such of his friends as preferred temporal to eternal interest, strove to persuade him as he approached the stake, to relinquish those sentiments which he was going to seal with his blood, on account of his family, which was large and helpless; to which he answered with a smile, “Ye all know I love my family—but he that feeds the *Ravens*, will not forget the young *Crows*.”—His confidence was not misplaced.

after

after Parson Adams, whose taste he thought he would have hit, in case that primitive character had drank of it. My mother and he entered so early into the connubial state, that their courtship continued long after their marriage.—Having thus in some measure, particularly in my own, settled the preliminaries, I think it is best to break off for the present,

Divisum sic breve fiet opus.

and so, in the language of an honest Hibernian on a similar occasion, I hope you will excuse the length of this, as I really had not time to write a shorter.

Farewell !

LETTER

L E T T E R, III.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN my last, and perhaps some of my readers would wish it was my last, I forgot to ask which of the gods presided over biography, that I might pay my respects to him.—In the reign of Saturn, much about the time that Nebuchadnezzar was sent to grafs, I am told that Mercury held it by patent : as his godship and I are not on very good terms*, I do not think I should give myself the trouble to make any interest with him ; were this province but consigned to some of the goddeses, there would be some chance. Let no man ever talk against the indulgence of a female breast, that ever hung on one ; and I believe I

* Had that rascal been tried at the Old Bailey, Botany Bay must have been his fate.

hung

hung on one as fair and as gentle as ever flowed with the milk of humanity—my own mother's, she that had beauty without pride, and vivacity without indiscretion; nor was my father as a man less beautiful; of this I am pretty certain, that if they had claimed the Dunmow flitch, it would have fallen to their lot not only twelve months, but even twelve years after their union; at the same time I do not say, that they would not have had a word or two about the dressing of it; for you must know, that in some articles of cookery she would not yield the prize to Lady de Coverly herself, especially in white-pot and hasty-pudding—the recipe of each was heretofore considered as a nostrum in our family. It is not to be wondered at then, that this domestic felicity should exist in the most refined degree, when it is known that fortune had nothing to say in bringing about the indissoluble vow, nor yet exalted birth,

birth, like Will Honeycomb's lady: it is true, she had as many ancestors as any other in the parish; like Virtue, my father wedded her for her own reward; and what greater dower could a worthy man receive, than the hand of a virtuous woman! for in these days, as well as in those of Solomon, in spite of all the Smithfield bargains that have been struck, a virtuous woman, is a crown to her husband.

In the beginning I thought,—I scarce believe that you once thought about the matter (*aside*)—to have confined myself solely to what regarded myself, but I cannot bear the idea of being entirely the hero of my own tale.—I hope then I shall be indulged in saying a word or two of those whose instructions and example contributed to render that life supportable, when it really was a burthen; and when I would have laid it down with the greatest chearfulness. I think

think, I had better begin with my grandfather by the mother's side, which is commonly called the sure side of the house ;—he was bred and born in England, and to his last moments retained all the probity and courage of that enlightened nation, and above all that inherent love of liberty which once glowed in the breast of every Englishman, and that every Englishman looked on to be what in reality it is, the first of blessings, and the greatest legacy that could be transmitted to his children. Voltaire never was a greater advocate for religious than he was for national toleration ; whenever a person's country came in question, he was sure to cite the saying of the Danish philosopher, that was upbraided on account of his, *Patria mihi dedecus, sed dedecus patriæ**, or some other saying at least as perti-

* My country is a disgrace to me, but thou art a disgrace to thine.

VOL. I.

D

nent.

ment. In his earlier days he had borne arms, voluntarily, in defence of his native soil : Captain Sentry composed the principal part of his military character, with a dash or two of uncle Toby ; the first on the breach, the last on the mine : obeyed by those he commanded, not through the fear of punishment, but through the fear of offending him ; too much of a soldier to cheat a soldier, his courage and magnanimity derived from thought and reflexion. In his person he was well-proportioned and rather handsome ; *Lavater* I am sure would have found a great deal of pleasure in the perusal of his countenance ; he excelled in all the manly exercises, particularly wrestling, insomuch that many imagined he had fallen heir to some of Jacob's trips—as fond of hunting that he was scarce ever known to be thrown out at eighty.—But Death, the mighty hunter, earths us all.—
I know very little of my paternal
grand

grandfather, as he paid that debt, which we are all doomed to pay, whilst I was yet in my infancy ; but this much I know: that he is universally allowed to have been a gentleman in the strictest sense of that much-abused word: thank Heaven, however, there are some who entertain a proper sense of it *! I think he died

* A young man some time since having addressed a letter thus, W. D——, Gent. Mr. D. was so enraged that he could not help exclaiming in the presence of half a dozen, "Gentleman! gentleman! I am no gentleman, I am an esquire!" As to the former, I believe his word is not doubted in the least, even by those that have the pleasure of hearing of him only.

"The only character that I am ambitious of filling, is that of a gentleman, and I hope I have filled it as far as in me lies. I am descended of a family in which there is no stain, and my wish is to leave it as spotless as I found it; and this in my opinion is the greatest legacy a father can leave to his son; I pay every man his lawful debts, I injure no man; when I have an opportunity of speaking well of any man, I believe I am not the last to do it, and if he does not afford me that

died of a fever—the partner of his affections is still fresh in my memory, and I trust shall be so, as long as memory holds a seat in my brain; a good woman—if you knew her, and had but two tears in the world, you would drop one of them on her grave: Now, by all the laws of biography, except a few bye-laws, I find I am justly entitled to say a few words of myself;—but the difficulty is, to know what to say on so barren a subject. I dare not play upon my invention, but the misfortune is, I have not one to play upon.—If I could speak of myself with as good a grace as *Montaigne*, or even the facetious William Hay, I might

opportunity, I am silent, and if not permitted to be silent, I do not speak my mind in private, some expressions may be construed into warmth; but in my opinion, it would be as unfair to judge of the whole of my character from those expressions, as to condemn a piece of land, because it bore a few thistles.”—Mr. Francis’s defence of himself, in the House of Commons, in 1788.

entertain

entertain some hopes of indulgence. The Spectator says, he has observed, and what is it he has not observed? that a reader seldom peruses a book till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition. Now, as I wish with all my heart to contribute to the gratification of the reader in every respect, I can soon satisfy him on those heads: I am fair, rather choleric, but easily appeased — and a little more into the bargain, rather the tallest of the middle size, with a nose tolerably well-proportioned, and an ear tuned to almost every species of music, except matrimonial, though as fond of children as any man existing, even in their grand climacteric, and as ready to join in their amusements—provided they let me mount my own hobby-horse, as harmless an animal as any in the kingdom if you do not spur him too much.—Rational amusements, you

mean.—If innocent I am rather indifferent as to the rationality of them: but I have not done with dear self yet—I am one of those that would fain put off every thing to the last; I would rather go ten miles on foot if it was a fine day, than write a letter on business, and yet I would rather write ten letters, than read one on the same subject. As to the stability of my temper, you may form some idea of it, when I tell you, that I am subject to all the “skiey influence.” That’s a fine clouded cane—then, why?—But on looking over an old pocket-book, I find my character thus drawn by my father.

“As to Charles, I know not what to think of him; one day I am filled with hopes that he will make a figure, and the next day, he sinks in imagination to a cypher; he is full of spirits, but on occasions he can be serious; he is generally the first to tell me there is a beggar at the door,
and

and to conduct him to the kitchen, without waiting for an answer.— I am glad to find he has no dislike to history, and yet what satisfaction in that? What is history but a register of human vice?—her pages streaming with the blood of the innocent, or the tears of the widow and the orphan. The poets are his favourites, but I hope he will never be one himself. He is no plodder, I could never get him yet to hunt a word through a dictionary; if he does not hit on a thing immediately, he will not be at the pains to look after it. The chap has some taste, he is fonder of *Pantagruel* than he is of water-gruel. I cannot say that ever I saw him strike a dumb animal out of wantonness, or rob a bird's nest—Come, there is a time for all things; but I am very much afraid he will never catch the old mower by the forelock.”

Good Night.

LETTER IV.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU are perfectly right—I can only promise, that in future I shall endeavour to make up in my life whatever may be wanting in my letters; that is, in plain English, if I do not write well, I shall endeavour to live well. You know I am as little acquainted with the trade of biography as I am with the trade of life itself. To be sure it is a dangerous thing for a young writer to lean on his own understanding, or even on the understanding of another, unless he is pretty well convinced that it will support him.

As to the next point, I am really at a loss, and it is in vain to lay down the pen, for I do not find myself in a dancing humour; some, indeed, have gone so far as to tell, what I think on the present occasion would be improper to tell, if I knew any thing about the matter. In my opinion it must be
a matter

a matter of total indifference to the reader, whether my birth was preceded by a dream or a comet, though I am sensible your novel-writers, especially those that write by the ell, seldom or ever fail to tell you something of the kind. Monf. d'Angers, who has dealt pretty much in this way, tells you under what planet he was born, and if I mistake not it was a three-penny one; and, as the vulgar saying is, good enough for a poet, or even some of your modern antiquaries.

You remember the old clock in Tristram—and I have heard a very good woman say, that she did not know the use of a clock, unless it was wound up: one thing I should be very glad to know, what I thought of the world when I came into it; but I do not suppose I entertained a very high opinion of it—for I have since learned that I wept *very heartily* at the time; and if the reader does me the favour to wade through these letters, he will find that I had just cause.

Now as to names, I know not that it is a matter of any great consequence, as our friend Will says that one man will start a hare as soon as another; and I have the authority of the love-sick Juliet, that the rose would smell as sweet by any other name; and yet there is something in names: a Spaniard would think himself undone, if he could not boast of half a dozen; and we all know a German could not sleep without two. I have heard a lover swear there was music in his mistress's—a trip to Gret-na Green changed his opinion, the effect of the air I suppose. There are certain sounds, I confess, that are more agreeable than others, I cannot say that John Doe and Richard Roe fall under this class—I have my choice, for I find many that would lend me a name, that would not lend me a guinea. I am not so fond of hard names as Bugislaus * nor yet of *Aps* as the ancient Lord of Mōstyn †.

It

* Messenius.

† Before I quit the house, I must take notice that

It is but fair to own, the name I have chosen is not my real one, nor yet the anagram of it; for I do not like to see a poor word put to the torture, either by an anagrammatist or an etymologist.

To be plain then, for I am as fond of plainness as I am of brevity, like Belcour I have borrowed the name I wish to be known by in this production from a friend, who borrowed it from his grandmother, a very worthy

that Thomas Ap Richard Ap Howel Ap Jevan Vychan, Lord of Mostyn, and his brother Piers, founder of the family of Trelacre, were the first that abridged their name, and that on the following occasion: Rowland Lee, Bishop of Litchfield, and president of the Marches of Wales, in the reign of Henry VIII, sat at one of the courts on a Welch cause, and wearied with the quantity of *Aps* in the jury, directed that the pannel should assume their last name, or that of their residence; and that Thomas Ap Richard Ap Howel Ap Jevan Vychan should for the future be reduced to the *poor* dissyllable *Mostyn*, no doubt to the mortification of many an ancient line.

PENNANT.

old

old woman, who used to sing all her songs to one tune.

I am content with one, but if you are any way desirous to know the rest, I think you will meet them in some of the Reviews, such as blockhead, ass, drone, &c, &c. &c. the most useful words in all the vocabulary of modern criticism.

At first, indeed, I thought to have assumed that of a distant relation, Mr. Blank, or as his ancestors used to express it — ; because I am told that it has ran without spot in the family time immemorial, and that Mr. Nobody, who declares that he has existed long before Mr. Somebody, acknowledges that this very family of the Blanks was akin to him. Tom Browne, it is true, has made a little free with it; but to make amends, the Spectator has made honourable mention of it.

I am told there is a branch of this family in France, Monsieur *Carte Blanche*, remarkable for their generosity;

rosity; but what pleases me most of all is to meet the name in the celebrated protest of 1431. *

It is said that every man has a right to chuse his own crest and motto: I wish every man had a right to chuse his own wife; but would the good folks of Doctor's Commons be pleased with that? Well, well, I have pitchd on my crest already—and a very useful one it is, a weathercock; and let the Herald's Office wring its neck off if they dare: as to my motto, I think I may as well adopt the old one, *semper idem*.

* We the under-named do solemnly protest, that we will not change our names under any circumstance whatsoever, as it appears from a review of our genealogies that we are all related.

Simon Greenhead.

Thomas Broadhead.

Will Greathead, a Bishop.

Francis Wronghead, of Devon.

Titus Thickhead, Esq. by all means.

Benjamin Blank.

Charles Scatterbrain,

The last gentleman I understand is a relation of mine.

which

which Mr. Thorton, a learned man, for he wore spectacles, translates "worfe and worfe," and it is well it is no worfe.

Now after all this fufs and nonsense, what is a name at best, a word, a breath of air, when pronounced, and the shadow of a shade when written; yet how many have toiled to leave this shadow, or this breath of air behind them? or, what they conceive to be more substantial, a little yellow dirt or a few dirty acres—all one when weighed in the balance of wisdom,—all one in the Greek, ay, and in the Latin too: and yet to this end does many a father sweat and groan,

That men may say, when he is gone;
Lord! what a vast estate he left his son!

—The very son perhaps that wished him dead to get it.

I cannot rank my father in this class, he laid up his treasure in heaven: "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the
the

the Lord," and that which he layeth out shall be paid him again with interest.—As he was the father and not the tyrant of his family, each had his choice in the pursuit of life, and notwithstanding Horace, each seemed contented with his own, and if recounted I do think would reflect credit even on the eldest, who, in the language of the world, had fixed upon a very *idle trade*: many of his friends wished to dissuade him from it, but as he was born a poet, the crime was in some measure excuseable; not a denizen of air that he was not acquainted with, from Homer down to Pope, whose filial piety weighed more in the estimation of my father than all his writings put together: tho' I have often heard him say, that sense and sound went hand in hand in the works of that divine bard.—The crime I say was excuseable, in a country so peculiarly rich in all the imagery in which poetry delights, particularly the vales of Malvinia, in which you will

will find the amaranth as fair to the sense and as lovely to the eye, as that which Milton has transplanted to Heaven. My father took it into his head that my youngest sister would excel in languages; such was the delicacy of her ear, and the melody of her tongue, that he hoped to recover the pronunciation of the Greek through these mediums.—It is not easy to say, to what length he would have carried the pursuit of this phantom, if a worthy friend, in whose judgment he placed the greatest confidence, had not persuaded him to desist; assuring him in the end, that one tongue was enough for any woman. Poor Fanny was thus released from a study, in which it was easy to discern that she took very little delight, except the delight it afforded her in pleasing the best of fathers. If I mistake not, it puzzled them to find out what nature intended me for;—and no wonder, for at this day I am at a loss to find
it

it out myself—this much, however, I know, that she never intended me for a Novel-writer.—And why do you write?—How do you know but I am providing bread for more than you are aware of?—If it was not for the like of me, how could one-half of the critics exist? Farewell.

LETTER

LETTER V.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MY first letter was written in a hurry, my second in haste, my third and fourth in both; and as yet I know not what this will be written in. As this is one of my levee-days, my new ploughman, two shepherds, and about half a score of my cottagers, are to be introduced.—To return for a moment to the consultation of our inclinations, a French writer, who has written an express treatise on this subject, goes so far as to say, that this *indoles**, which the Spectator commends, should

* The natural disposition to any particular science, profession or trade, is very much to be consulted in the care of youth, and studied by men for their own conduct, when they form to themselves any scheme of life.

SPECTATOR.

be

be consulted even in love, independent of which, it will be in vain to look for happiness in matrimony: to such, however, as do not look for happiness in that state, which is the institution of Heaven, it would be only a waste of words to say any thing on the subject.

As I have concealed my real name, I have taken it into my head also to conceal the place of my birth.—Your reasons?—Will you have me leave nothing to conjecture? I am afraid that you have left too much to it.—So much the better, you know that is a faculty that exists in exercise alone; and I love to exercise faculties: do you remember the story of Democritus? This philosopher having one day met with a cucumber of more than ordinary taste, was informed that it had been put into a pot in which there was some honey—“How much they have disobliged me,” said he, “in discovering the reason! for they have deprived me
of

of the pleasure I should have in searching it out!"—Now if great things may be compared with small, I do not see that small things may not be compared with great. I do not see the application—another may.

I was born in one of the most delightful islands in the universe; there, in order to prevent the abuse, the use of money is not known—a vein of marble is preferred to a vein of silver, and a pit of *harmless* coal, to all the *guilty* mines of Golconda. There the cock in the fable, that preferred the barley-corn to the diamond, is considered as a philosopher. With us the church was not looked upon as a monster, whose appetite could never be satiated; for, instead of annually devouring the one-tenth of our grain, lambs, hogs, turkeys, geese, hens, chickens, &c. &c. &c. she might be said to live on the fruit of her own industry, as there was a certain portion of land assigned to every pastor:

pastor: by this means all petty suits about tythes were entirely cut off; so that the clergyman and his parishioners lived at perfect amity with each other. This, you know, is not the case in every country, where but too often the very corn that is strewed in the faithful bosom of the earth, turns out in this respect to be the very seed of contention; in consequence of which they cannot feel the inestimable value of that religion which is founded on the purest forms of worship, in which all the virtues are inculcated, all the graces prayed for, and our very prayers are instructive; where God, and God only, is the object, and an universal charity to all mankind is, as it ought to be, the subject of our devotion.

Having said this much of that enchanting isle, in which I first saw the light, the reader is at liberty to place it where he pleases—in the moon if he

he chuses—and no doubt, if that lady has any influence over him, she will expect it, as I know not the planet to which it *would not be a compliment*; an island that flows with milk and honey—in Hybla or the Galaxy—neither one nor the other; I have endeavoured to settle the preliminaries—but will not venture to promise any thing, but that you shall always find me to be,
Your's, &c.

P. S.—I forgot to tell you my name—Mr. North—I was offered one in Rosemary-lane, little worse for the wear, at a small price—the longest of Dr. Johnson's words was at best but a diffyllable to it; an asthmatic man or woman could not pronounce it in an hour.—Very well, Mr. North—may the needle be true to you! What a pun already?

LETTER

LETTER VI.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AH! well-a-day! how are we plagued with these scribes!—ten times a greater plague than the *furia infernalis* of Finland*—born for the mere effusion of ink, consumption of paper, and the destruction of quills and feathers. If in my power your female novel-writers, your spinning-jennies, should be transformed into weeping willows; and as to your male gentry in that line, your literary men-milliners, I am really at a loss to know what punishment I should impose on them. Hold, hold a little—why I tell you, if in my power, I would gag your orators, send your grave historians to the lead mines, and your cullers of simples to Botany Bay—the Muses should be-

* See Pulteney de Miraculis Insectorum.

come

come ballad-fingers, and the Graces ladies maids.—I am very happy that it is not in your power; and since you are such an enemy to all that elevate and embellish our nature, I shall feel no uneasiness in your absence from the little *fête* to which I was just going to invite the reader, as you entered.

Our family kept every holiday in the Shepherd's Calendar—Valentine's day, in particular, was celebrated with all the rustic pomp imaginable. The dawn was ushered in with music, and as soon as the sun had exhaled the dew, my father conducted us to one of the most beautiful woods in the neighbourhood. This enchanting scene was left entirely to the disposition of Nature—and it was pleasant to observe how she did play "her virgin fancies." Those hardy trees, which had withstood the rudest blasts of winter, were so happily blended with the gayest shrubs of spring, the richest plants of autumn, and the most splen-
did

did trees of summer, that the eye was never tired with seeing, nor the ear with hearing; for love and rapture swelled the notes of ten thousand feathered minstrels; a gently swelling hill rose in the midst, crowned with a venerable oak, some of whose branches shaded a limpid brook, which glided with melodious lapse in the midst of summer.

About nine o'clock in the morning the place never failed to be crowded with all the young men and women in the vicinage, and the old generally arrived about ten. The festivities of the day commenced by an ode to St. Valentine, which my brother generally composed and recited. The subject of the last, I remember, was love—the loves of the plants, in which the affection of the palm-tree was painted with all the delicacy imaginable. He then sung the loves of the winged creation; and I well remember, when he touched on the

constancy and tenderness of the turtle-dove, that I turned my eye towards the virgins, and I could read in every lucid orb the softest emotions of the heart. The musicians were seated on a bench of green turf covered with rushes, beneath the umbrage of a pine, that towered to the heavens like a lark. The fingers of Carvel fluttered over the flute, and the dance began; note called on note, and scarce did the grass bend beneath the flying foot. One circle of amusement succeeded to another, and every circle overflowed with joy and gratitude to the Father of all, who delighteth not in the affliction of his children. After dinner my father poured out the metheglin, and on those occasions his face would shine with pleasure, as if anointed with the oil of gladness. My sister Lucy (as she was the eldest) presented the cup, and every one seemed to think it received an additional flavour from the snowy hand that gave it—for the flower

flower of youth and the bud of beauty mingled on her cheek.

The evening was always concluded with singing—and so enchanting were the strains, that the trees leaned to hear—I used to think I was in heaven, for all we know

“Of what the blessed do above,

“Is that they sing, and that they love.”

I was a long time at a loss to know whence it was that my father paid such a particular respect to Master Valentine. It cannot be, said I, on account of his name-sake the Emperor; for I partly guess his opinion of kings and emperors, from the days of beetle-browed Cain to the end of the nineteenth century; nor could it be on account of the saint of that name, for I well knew that St. Martin was the only one of the tribe that found any favour in his eyes. Then, said I, it must be in honour of *wedded love*, of which the feathered tribe on that day

set an example—But on looking over his papers one day, I chanced to alight on the following song, or whatever you please to call it, for I am not bound to find names for every thing that appears in rhyme. As it was in his own hand-writing I have not the least doubt but it was his own composition, and, perhaps, the only thing of the kind ever he attempted; for I used to hear him say with a smile, “I am content to trace the snowy fields of verse; and yet I think if I had imagination I should make an excellent poet; but I have heard it said, that imagination is the loftiest plume in the wing of poetry—the plume that adorns and supports the Muse’s flight.”

I sent my fair a Valentine,
To shew my skill; but mark the art,
Each fold unveil’d a softer line,
The last one melted in a heart.

This heart a golden dart did pierce,
Wing’d with the feather of a dove;
And in the midst appear’d this verse,
“I bleed alone for her I love.

“And

" And if she deigns to drop a tear
" On me, I shall not bleed in vain ;
" And as I'm artless and sincere,
" Sure Mary will not give me pain."

" I never saw a bleeding heart
" On which I would not drop a tear ;
" But men have now-a-days such art,
" That maidens should have equal fear."

This was the answer that she sent,
I bless'd the moment that it came ;
Love bade her tender breast consent,
And now we burn with mutual flame.

Then, whether Cupid or the nine
First gave the hint of Valentine,
That day shall ever sacred be
To love and smiling liberty.

LETTER VII.

MY DEAR FRIEND.

DO not you think my father was pretty right, when he compared my imagination to a flock of starlings? a little flattering too;—for Andrew Marvel compares Milton's to the bird of Paradise?—Well, what shall I light on now?—Helpless infancy! when I began to know my mother with a smile, or when I ran on all-fours like one of Locke's similes, or rather when I first mounted my hobby, I scarce recollect one passage in that careless stage that could be interesting to the reader: what would it avail to know the number of times I shod the cat with walnuts? the number of running switches which I kept? how often I kissed the baby in the glass? how proud of my new-shoes at a breaking-up, and how fond of my paper kite, which

which I have preserved to this day, because it was composed of my sister's copy-book. I recollect I was very well pleased with the first book that was put into my hand, it was suited to my taste;—of this you will not doubt, when I tell you it was a ginger-bread one; perhaps it will be sufficient to say that when I was a child, I acted as a child, and now that I am a man I do not know that I have put away childish things; I am loath to part with my toys, and no wonder, perhaps infancy and youth are the only seasons of life we can look back on with pleasure:—

The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast.

On this subject I intended to have said very little, but as I have extended it to this length, I shall conclude it with an observation, which I met with in turning over a trunk-full of old papers last week.

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“ There

“ There is always a single example, by which each man finds himself more convinced than by all others put together:—I seem for my own part to see the benevolence of the Deity more clearly in the pleasures of very young children than in any thing in the world. The pleasures of grown persons may be reckoned partly of their own procuring, especially if there has been any industry, or contrivance, or pursuit to come at them; or if they are founded, like music, painting, &c. upon any qualification of their own acquiring; but the pleasures of a healthy infant are so manifestly provided for it by another, and the benevolence of the provision is so unquestionable, that every child I see at its sport affords to my mind a kind of sensible evidence of the finger of God, and of the disposition which directs it”.

LETTER

LETTER VIH.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MY father's ploughman was allowed to be the best story-teller in the parish: as a specimen of his talents in that line, I shall lay the following tale before the reader, as it fell from his lips of a winter's night;—the young men were all arranged on one side of the fire, and the young girls on the other, spinning.

Once upon a time, a man and his wife had twelve sons and a little girl; all born in wedlock; Jack was the name of the eldest, he was a good lad from his infancy; never known to tell a lie, speak ill of his neighbours, contradict his parents, fall out with his brothers, strike an animal in a passion or through wantonness; every one that knew Jack was fond of him, and his brothers because they followed his

E 5 example.

example. But the misfortune was, they were very poor, not through idleness, for the fun scarce ever caught them in bed ; but the landlord was a tyrant, and thought that if a man is born poor, he was born to be a slave. He would not let them work for any one but himself ; and when he had not work they were obliged to go without victuals : and if any of the neighbours sent them a little bread or milk, one would step out of the way, or pretend that he had no appetite, that the rest might get something like a belly-full.

Things went on in this way for a long time.—Jack grieved in secret, but never spoke out, for he saw there was no remedy ; and if any of his brothers or the neighbours happened to touch upon their situation, he used to turn the conversation aside to some other subject ; but notwithstanding he had the command of his words, he had not the command of his tears, which

which would often flow down his cheeks, as the dew-drop will run to the point of the thorn, but it cannot soften it. The little sister grieved them more than all; and it is no wonder, to think they had but one, and could do nothing for her.

Jack began to grow very thoughtful, having passed some days in this situation; he called his eleven brethren into the wood, and spoke to them in this manner:

“My dear brethren, I need not tell you our condition,—our parents begin to grow old, and surely it is more than we can bear to see them die before our face with hunger and cold; you also see our little sister, she is like a rose-bud, but her bloom may be her destruction; but that shall never happen, life would then be too cheap indeed, even though the despoiler was the landlord's son, who promises to excel his father in tyranny, if possible.” Here they all covered their faces and wept.

wept. Jack proceeded: "I have been considering there are twelve of us, and is it not a hard thing that twelve of us cannot provide for one sister?—are we to call on death as our only friend?—are we chained to the spot we were born in?—the world is yet full of humanity, let us seek it; let us then collect what little cloaths we have, and set out to seek our fortunes; let us leave our little sister with our father and mother, to comfort and attend them in their old age; perhaps when we are gone the heart of the landlord may relent, and if it does not, the neighbours will not see them perish; God will protect them, God will protect us if we trust in him, and in him we will trust." They all agreed to this resolution, and the next morning they set off with heavy hearts, their affection for those they left behind them had like to have overcome their courage more than once; but Jack led them on, and cheered them by his voice;

voice;—"Come on, boys," said he, "see the sun already smiles on us, and we can enjoy the pleasure of his beams; better days await us—we are young, and why should we consume our youth, which ought to be the most joyous season of life in sighs and tears, in tears too that flowed in vain? look on me as your leader, we are not bound for the forlorn hope, we are bound for victory."—This last word re-echoed from every lip: they travelled a great way, till at last they came to a place, called the meeting of the twelve roads: "It is rather extraordinary," said Jack, "that we should come to this, it looks as if Providence intended that each of us should take a road."—The idea of separation could not be listened to. "I tell you," said Jack, "to part with any one of you is death, but what must it be to part with all? but we must conquer our affections, we must snap those strings asunder that tie our hearts together; I have a proposal, have met
with

with nothing remarkable since we set out; now as I have said already, it looks as if Providence intended that each of us should take a road, and on this day twelvemonths let us meet in this very ring in which we now stand, if alive."—After much conversation this proposal was agreed too—Tom was the youngest brother, a fine white-headed little boy. What will become of Tom? was the general cry; he is too young to be trusted by himself. Jack was so overcome with this idea, that it was for some time before he could speak, or venture to turn his eyes on them; at length he broke silence and said "The flintiest road, has often the softest path-way; Heaven will protect him, his innocence and youth will plead in his favour, some mother; who laments the untimely fate of her son, will take compassion on his helpless years. Be comforted, this time twelvemonth is the word." On which they all tore themselves one from the other;

other ; each took a road, the fairest was chosen for Tom—they could hear each other's cries at a great distance.

As soon as Jack got out of sight, he dropped on his knees, and consigned them all to the protection of Heaven, particularly the youngest. Having poured out his heart in prayer, he thought he felt himself somewhat easier in his mind ; he washed his face in the first stream he met, and walked on smartly.—On the third day of his travel he came within sight of a venerable old castle, and as it lay a short distance from the road, he stepped across the field to see it. As he was very attentively surveying one of the old towers, which was covered with ivy, a gentleman came up to him, and asked him how he liked the castle : “ I like it very well,” answered Jack, “ I dare say the hand that raised it has long since mouldered into dust. Pray, Sir, does any one live in it at present ? ” “ None,” answered

swered the gentleman, "it is haunted."—"Perhaps it is only in imagination," said Jack; "for I never heard of an old castle that was not haunted; and I do not wonder at it, for they are in general well suited, from their solitude and solemnity, to such purposes; and if the ghosts are innocent, scarce an apartment that will not furnish them with conversation."—"Why, young man," said the gentleman, "it may be so; my father was the last that dwelt in it; and if you will venture to sleep a night in it, you shall be well rewarded."—Jack in an instant accepted the offer; for though he had heard a great deal of ghosts and hobgoblins, and that the old gentleman in black entertained a select party of witches once a year, he was not one of those cowardly fellows that startle at every breeze, and swallow every report without touching it with their teeth. The gentleman took him home to his house, gave him a hearty dinner,

dinner, and ordered a fire to be lighted in one of the best rooms in the castle. As soon as night came, Jack went to his apartment, which was very spacious; he was determined if any one paid him a visit, that they should come through the key-hole; for he locked the door, snuffed his candle, and as soon as he found himself sleepy went to bed. The first spirit that paid him a visit was sleep, a ghost that seldom visits the great—he was very welcome, for Jack was tired, and hoped that his visitant would present him with his brethren in the course of the night. But behold, just as he was sinking into one of the softest slumbers that ever sealed a lady's eyes, he was alarmed with a noise something like that of a carriage rolling up the avenue—the candle burned blue, the pictures trembled, the hall door, in imagination, flew open, the sound of a foot was heard on the stairs—another step heavier than the last—Hark! a chain!
Jack's

Jack's courage beat to arms—the blood flew to his heart—the door seemed to fly off its hinges—the spectre entered—tall and ghastly, with a long beard, a dreadful wound on his throat, from which the blood seemed to flow. Having fixed his eye on Jack, he was afraid to meet them; and at the same time he thought it would be cowardly, like the ostrich, to hide his head. Thrice did the ghost wave his hand, and thrice did he shake his head: Jack would have spoken, but his words died upon his feeble tongue—The spirit vanished, the candle revived, and the cock crew.—I need not tell you how the note of a cock cheers the heart of a benighted or solitary traveller, and it had no doubt the same effect on Jack's.—Our hero, for I think I may call him a hero, that shewed so much courage, called on sleep; but Mr. Sleep, it seems, had been so frightened, that he did not venture to return till the sunbeams began to play through the room.

The

The gentlemnn and a great number of the neighbours came the next morning to the castle, and could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw him alive; they were very glad, however, and quite impatient to hear what had happened to him the night before. Jack satisfied them in every particular, and all that heard him applauded his courage. The gentleman brought him into his wardrobe and dressed him out in a suit of very fine cloaths, in which he appeared to great advantage, for nature had left as little to art as possible in the formation of his person: As his adventure had raised his curiosity very high, and as Jack wished to gratify it, he was resolved to sleep the next night in the same place. Having secured the door, as he thought, fanned his fire, trimmed his candle, and sat a while reading a very good book, he undressed himself and went to bed; having put up a prayer to heaven for the safety of his parents,

parents, brethren, and little sister, who was always uppermost in his mind. About eleven o'clock, as near as he could guess, every door in the castle seemed to fly open, hollow sounds mixed with murmurs rushed in like an impetuous tide that had broken its bounds. This was succeeded by the clank of chains, and now the heavy tread began—every step of the stairs appeared to sink under it;—horror seemed to flee at the solemn sound, and to flee as it were for refuge into the room in which he lay—the fire burned dim, and the candle beamed feebly as if it was dying in the socket—Jack found much ado to collect his courage.

The ghost entered, indignation seemed to be kindled in his eyes; and instead of waving his hand, he shook his head at Jack, and retired. He would have fainted had not the voice of the cock revived him;—the sound, however, continued in his ears, and it was a long time before he fell asleep.—You shall

I shall now hear the remainder of the story in his own words, as they are handed down to us:—"I fell asleep, and in the midst of a pleasant dream, I thought I heard the door open, I turned my eye to it, and saw a young woman enter, I never saw so beautiful a being in my life; I thought it was impossible that any thing could be fairer than the lilies of *Ura*, but her cheek was fairer;—she stretched forth her hand, and I was almost encouraged to seize it, but I was afraid to move, lest the lovely vision should melt in air. She asked me, in the softest voice, if I was alive? I answered Yes; on which I could discern, for an instant, the lily yield to the rose;—she turned—her hair waved down her neck, but could not conceal the beauty of it, for it shone through it, just as a flake of new-fallen snow shines through the shadow of a nodding branch. As often as I thought of her, I shut my eyes to endeavour to recall the union of so many charms to my imagination.

"The

“ The next morning the gentleman and the neighbours were quite transported with joy to find me alive and in good spirits.

Having related all that happened the preceding night, except the delightful vision, of which I wished to enjoy a second glimpse ; for this purpose I proposed to pass the third night in the castle. Well, accordingly the third night came, the noise began as usual, and in the course of a few seconds the apparition entered, with a countenance more terrific, if possible, than the preceding night. —I thought I felt a greater degree of courage than in the former visits, and was determined to address the old man. The moment I spoke to him his countenance began to soften, and I thought I could discern a transient smile on his face. “ Young man,” said he, “ I am glad you have ventured to speak at last; you were no doubt alarmed at my appearance, and perhaps human courage could not be put to a greater proof; but

but your fears may now subside: and indeed the tone with which he uttered this expression was sufficient to banish them.—‘This castle,’ continued he, ‘belonged to me; tell my son, who has engaged you to sleep in it, that my steward cut my throat, and hid my remains in the cellar, through the hopes of getting my money, of which I am sorry to say I was too fond. He was disappointed, it lies concealed in an iron chest in such a place. I now make this discovery, because my son will make better use of my treasures than I did: tell him to divide it with you, and if he does not he will be punished in a manner he little expects; but I know he will, for he is generous.—Let my bones be removed, and placed beside those of his mother, that our dust may mingle together; let the steward be punished.’—Having said this he vanished.

“As soon as day-light appeared, I hastened to impart the intelligence to
the

the son, who lamented his father's fate with tears, We kept the whole a secret till the murderer was apprehended, who confessed the fact as soon as he found himself in the hands of justice, for which he was soon after executed.

"We found the treasure, which the son divided with me, according to the commands of his father, he also removed his remains.

"Strange as it may appear, I cannot say that my mind was raised by this sudden change of fortune, I endeavoured to render myself as agreeable as I could to the neighbours, and to improve my mind by reading and conversation. My friend (for I may call him by that name) was a young man of a very sober turn of mind, fond of improving his estate; as the soil was grateful and the spring mild, we had every hope that each farmer in the country would be obliged to enlarge his barn; every heart already danced to

to the music of the flail. In this season of universal hope, my friend thought, in return for the favours which Providence had showered on him, he could not express his gratitude in a more suitable manner, than by giving a treat in the old castle to all that chose to come ; it was to be a masked ball, the preparation was left to me. The first thing I did, was to survey the castle ; this was a delightful task, and engaged my mind, for I was always fond of old buildings.

The room in which I had seen the beautiful vision was my favourite ;— it was lofty, and very wide, the windows were long and narrow, and what was worse, ill arranged— for there was only one to the west, and unfortunately the smallest, though the prospect was one of the finest, for hill and dale, wood and water, that can be imagined. I had some notion of enlarging the windows, but the appearance was so venerable, that I could not find

in my heart to touch it ; besides, the ivy that crept up the walls and hung down over the casements, tinged the light that entered with a kind of softish green, that rendered it very pleasing, even to the weakest eye. As I could not prevail on myself to make any alteration, the additions were only temporary ;—the seats were entirely composed of the most verdant turf, strewed with the fairest flowers ;—the music was selected, and the pastoral band conducted by a young man, whose notes had often melted the hardest heart, and taught the haughty beauty to feel that she was not above the dart of love. The long-wished-for day at length arrived ;—the company were numerous, each of the ladies wore a favourite flower on her breast, and as distinguished by the name of it ; for instance, one was called the Rose, another the Violet, but the Lily charmed me more than all—there was so much ease in her manner, and beauty in her form,

form, I was not the only one that distinguished her, for as she passed along, the whisper was, "The Queen of the Flowers." In the midst of the dance, I observed that she stole towards the door, and vanished in an instant: I pursued, and just as she sat down in her coach, she threw her mask aside—when I beheld the very image of the face I had seen in the vision. I stood motionless, and in less than a moment the carriage was out of view:—I returned, but could scarce persuade myself that the whole was not a dream. The company seemed highly pleased, and retired about two o'clock in the morning. I went to bed, but could not sleep; a thousand and a thousand thoughts came into my mind in an instant, and as quickly vanished;—I longed for the arrival of the day in which I had appointed to meet my brethren; and yet I dreaded the approach of it, lest I should not meet with them all.

I have told you so far in Jack's words: if you please, I shall tell you the remainder in my own. The long-looked-for day of meeting came at last, and Jack set out on a fine horse, attended by a servant; you may be sure he dressed himself in his best cloaths; as he approached the place he saw his brethren assembled, he strove to view them, but the tears fell so fast from his eyes that he could not: when he came up he could not see the youngest, for they had placed him in the midst, as the day was cold; it was easy to see that Fortune had not smiled on them, for they were very ill-clad and quite meagre. Dress and diet had made such a change in his person that they did not know him, nay, even his tone of voice was changed from the good company he had kept. —He asked them what pleasure they could enjoy standing in the cold? they answered him, by saying that they were only waiting for a friend, whom they expected every minute. It was with
much

much ado he could refrain from falling on their necks: "But as the day is so very bitter, said he, had you not better come with me to the next public-house? and as Providence has blest me with some money I shall treat you to a dinner." Each put his hand to his breast, bowed, and thanked him for his goodness, but could not accept of it, as they promised to wait for their friend: "But," said he, "my servant shall wait." No, they could trust none. "But the public-house," continued he, "is not far off; let one of you remain, and let the rest come, I shall not keep you long."—With much entreaty they consented to this proposal. When they came, they found a fine dinner ready dressed, but could not enjoy it, for their hearts were filled with sorrow, and every time the door opened, they thought it was some news from Jack. The gentleman, for so they called him, then told them a melancholy story of a young man who had left his father and mother in order to improve his fortune,

fortune, and who had died of a broken heart in a distant part of the country where he came from, "I think," continued he, "his name was Jack." This was enough, their hearts were already full, but now they flowed over. The eldest took out a lock of Jack's hair and divided it amongst them, and all this without uttering one word, for their grief was too great. Jack took this opportunity of walking out, and returned in a few minutes clad in the very cloaths which he had worn when he parted with them: they knew the cloaths in an instant, and soon recollected his person, under all its changes for the better.—Never was the transition from grief to joy so quick; little did they they imagine this was the precious feast he invited them to; the glad tidings were soon conveyed to the brother whom they had left to watch; tho' almost benumbed with cold he outstripped the wind—it was a joyful meeting—The only thing wanting to make them completely happy

happy was a sight of their aged parents and little sister, which in a few days they had the nameless pleasure of enjoying. Jack took care to reward every one that paid the least attention to his father and mother during his absence.

The landlord, by endeavouring to cope with his betters, involved himself in debts, and was glad to sell his estate to Jack, who built a school in the parish for the education and maintenance of children, whose parents could not afford to pay for their schooling.

Jack was resolved, if possible, not to leave the world worse than he found it; for this purpose, if he was obliged to punish he took care to reward: the priest that preached the word, for the sake of the word, was always sure of a bed, a warm seat in the chimney-corner, and as much wine as made the heart glad. Every one was fond of him; if he put his hand to the plough, it went on with

success; if he planted a tree, it was sure to flourish; if he built a mill, it never wanted water in the driest summer; and if he gave a young woman away in marriage, the husband never repented of his bargain.

Having spent some time at home, he took it into his head to pay a visit to his friend, who had enabled him to do so much good. The season was very fine, and he was determined to enjoy all the pleasure that the country could impart; for this end he quitted the usual road, and travelled along the banks of a beautiful river, that watered a thousand vallies in its course to the sea. As he was resting himself one day on the top of a hill, he espied an old building at some distance, almost hid with trees; he made to it, as he was very fond of all those monuments, which in the beginning seemed to set time at defiance—Time, that is wisely represented with a scythe, because he mows down states and empires;—and
Death,

Death, in my opinion, ought to be represented with a scythe too, with this difference, that he mows down, without distinction, the rose full blown, and the rose bud all at once—witness the beautiful Murana, she that was fairer than the fairest flowret in her garland.--(Here the maidens stopt their wheels and wept.)—Jack went from one room to another: curiosity often begins in idleness, but it may lead to something of importance;—there was a very narrow place almost covered with briars, which Jack endeavoured to penetrate, but in vain, for some time; having cut away the branch of a tree with his sword, he got into it; as soon as he did, he thought he saw something at a distance like the glimmering light of a lamp; he was resolved to approach it, but with a great deal of caution, at length he came to a cranny where he had a full view of it, and found he was not mistaken: but what was his surprize, when he beheld a young

F 5

woman.

woman seated hard by it, with her head leaning on her hand and her hair hanging loose!—He was going to speak, but his prudence told him it would be better to hold his tongue, 'till he had reflected a little on the matter.—Accordingly he looked about him, till he saw if there was any passage that led to the abode, and was lucky enough, after much search, to find one. When he came to the door he found it barred, and in attempting to open it, a bell rang—on which a huge fellow appeared, with a scymeter in his hand, and without saying one word aimed a blow at Jack, which would have severed his head from his body, if he had not warded it off with the branch of the tree which he cut, and carried with him as a support in making out his way. Jack put himself in a posture of defence, and fought so valiantly, that in a short time he laid his enemy at his feet ;—he then found a large

large key, and instantly opened the door, which he entered. The moment the lady saw him, she threw her hair over her eyes, and bent her neck to him; but Jack said, "Do not be alarmed, I am not come to behead you; with this sword I have laid the ruffian gaoler low." He had scarce pronounced these words, when she sunk in his arms:—Jack took down the lamp, and having unbound her chains, conducted her to the light of Heaven, which she once thought she should never see again; but what was his surprise, when he looked on her face, her face that was pale and wan, and found it exactly to resemble that which he had seen in his dream—the particulars of which he related to her. "It was no dream," said she, "my uncle lived near that very castle. My father consigned me to him, as he was his only brother, with his last breath, and he promised to watch over me with all the

the tenderness of a parent: on the death of my mother he took me to his own house, and behaved for some time with great tenderness. As I was fond of solitude, I got a key in secret that would open every door in the castle; and having heard of your courage and misfortunes, I was anxious for your safety, and stole in that morning, in which you conceived you saw me in a dream, to see if you were alive. When your friend gave the *fête*, my uncle presented me with a coach, but desired me to return at such an hour; in obedience to his commands I left the assembly, and as soon I got into the carriage, the coachman drove furiously on, till I came to the margin of a wood; thence I was conducted by two ruffians to the prison out of which you have just released me; you have saved my life, but how shall I reward you?" "The possession of your hand," said Jack, "would be too presumptuous,
but

but if you do not think me worthy of it, I have only one request, that you will never give it to another." On this she stretched forth her hand, and sunk upon his breast.

As soon as the rose began to expand on her dewy cheek, their eyes, those soft commissioners of the soul, spoke to each other; in short, their plighted vows were soon sealed at the altar of Hymen: the uncle was severely punished for his villainy, and obliged to account for every shilling of her property; they lived so happily together, that the priest never failed, when he married a couple in the neighbourhood, to hold them up to the new-married pair as a pattern of conjugal love. Jack forgave all his enemies, and provided for his friends; every man thought himself as secure in the circle of his acquaintance, as if he had been in the inside of a magic ring: thus, as our own poet says,

How

How fair the bud, and fairer still the fruit,
When tender love in gentle minds takes root!

On looking over this tale, I find, I have not done justice to the original; but it is now too late, for the story-teller excelled in the pathetic to such a degree, that as often as he touched on that string, I have seen the virgins stop their wheels, and I have often known him draw iron tears down our blacksmith's cheek. My father made a collection of these little stories under this title, Γλυκὴς καὶ ἡδυαγεῖαν ἀκούσας, *a sweet cup of pleasant and delightful discourse*.—I was just going to present a glass of it, but on reflexion shall preserve it for another opportunity.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHY do you knit your brow? Who would not wish to recal the pure impressions of the snowy mind, the flitting thoughts of infancy? Yes, even those that have been brought forth in sighs, and baptized in tears: yes, even those that had not a father to preside over their trembling steps. Who knows but some angel invisible to sense performed that tender office?—I have Shenstone on my side, and another poet too, a German, as a proof of it: I shall present you with his verses.

DIE KINDERZEIT.

O! syße zeit herzinniger gefühle

Der kindlichkeit!

Wie denk uh dein so gern im weltgewyhle,

Du syße zeit!

Schon

Schon ist in nacht des lebens viel gefwunden;
 Du strahlst von fern,
 Mir heller stets, wie durch der daemrung stunden
 Der abendstern.

Als kind bereits seh' ich in holdem sinnen
 Mein maedchen schoen,
 Ihr blondesthaar, ihr lenzgewand von linnen
 Im winde wehn.

Noch schwebt vor mir die grynæ seiden schleife
 Die dort sie trug;
 Ich wysste noch die farbe jeder streife
 Am bussentuch.

Vom wie senplan, wohin wir knaben kamen
 Zum maedchenkreis,
 Behielt ich mehr, als ich vom kreis der damen
 Nach ragen weis.

O syffe zeit, als ich vom hassel-hecken
 Mein pferd mir schnitt,
 Und rasch einher auf dem gestreiften stecken
 Das feld durchritt!

Da reizten mich statt eitler loorber-kraenze
 Violen nur;
 Des landguts hag war meiner wynsche graenze
 Mein hof die flur.

Vergnygt, wenn ich soldatenreihn aus bleie
 Zur schau gestellt;
 Und stolzer, als vor meiner kriegler reihe
 Im waffenfeld.

Ganz

Ganz unbekant, war, was mein herz begehrte
Zu klein dem neid.

Mich kymmerten nicht fyrften, nuht geleherte
Nicht beyder streit.

O fyffe zeit! durchbebt von wehmuts schauer
Gedenk uh dein;
Den blick nach dir getrybt von spaetrer trauer
Hellt abendschien.

Gespielen! wir find run veraendert, aelter,
Und weit zerstreut.
Auck mancher, ach! zu weltklug, hoent nun kalter
Die herzlichkeif.

Weg ist die bank, wo wir uns abends setzten,
Und oed ihr raum;
Der niedre strauch, an dem wir uns egroez ten,
Erwuchs zum baum.

Getrennet ward an fremden brautaltare
Der liebe spiel;
Und manchen trug die schwarze todtenbahre
Zum fryhen ziel.

Klein ward der kreis! die abendwolken senken
Sich tiefer en—
Wer ybrig blieb, muß manchem angedenken
Schon seufzer weihn.

VON SALIS.

THE

THE TRANSLATION.

CHILDHOOD.

Oh! happy days of innocence, and heart-felt-joy;

Oh! blessed time, how willingly does the mind turn back to behold thee, ere yet my ear was filled with the noise of the world!

Already, how great a portion of life is buried in night! but thou art remote.

Thy sportive beams, mildly bright, like vesper, tremble through the twilight.

Once more as a child, let me behold thee, dearest nymph!—

Thy locks, that wanton with the wind, thy lucid eye, tender as the spring, thy robes of various hue, gently floating on the air.

Still in my eye thy silk knot waves;

I remember every colour in thy flowery necklace.

I remember the mead, whither we used to repair to mingle in fantastic sports:

I remember more, the circle of maids that used to dance on the green.

Oh! blessed time, dear to recollection! when a hazel-swift, nicely stripp'd of its bark in circles, was my horse;

How swift did I pass over the fields on the back of my ring-streaked courser!

The

The violet then charmed me, instead of the vain laurel.

The lurid grove was the bounds of my desires, and the fields my court.

Happy to place in view ranks of leaden soldiers:

Prouder than if I led the van in all the thunders of war.

Ambition and envy were then strangers to my heart:

I took no interest in the victories of princes, or the contests of the learned.

Oh! blessed time, what pensive thoughts penetrate my bosom, as often as I think of thee?

The sorrows that dimm'd my sight, vanish at the approach of thy beams.

Oh! ye companions of my infantine sports, we are dispersed afar from each other, and age begins to steal our roses:

And the icy hand of death has sealed the eyes of many that used to smile at our gambols.

The sofa of green turf is no more, on which we used to sit in the cool of the evening.

Desert the grove that used to echo to our sounds,

The humble plant, around which we were once so joyful, is now grown to a tree.

LETTER

LETTER X.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I grant it that all mankind were not born corn-cutters. But Fortune seems to have a great deal at her disposal, her votaries are numerous, and no wonder her patronage is extensive--the story of the White Bear is not so bad.—Do you mean the White Bear in Piccadilly?—another dash—a little longer—will that do?—Our bard abounded with anecdote, and could set the table on a roar every time he had a mind—our prince was very fond of him, and his birth-day odes were in great estimation; but he never dipt his pen in flattery; for you must know that an action would lie for flattery, as well as falsehood: and if convicted of either one or the other, a severe punishment was sure to follow. Like the Grecian ballad-singer, our laureat happened to
be

be blind. Sometimes he used to indulge his pleasantry at the expence of a celebrated young lyrist, who lived in the neighbourhood; one day, as he was walking along without his guide, as he knew the country, the musician espied him, and was resolved to have a little conversation: counterfeiting his voice, which he could do with the greatest ease, the dialogue began.

Lyrist. Good morrow.

Poet. Good morrow, I believe we shall have some more rain.

Lyrist. Are you not afraid to walk alone? the floods are rapid, the fate of Orpheus should warn you.

Poet. The Naiads would protect me.

Lyrist. If you were a musician you might stand some chance, you remember Arion and the dolphin?

Poet. Yes, but it is not every musician that can lay claim to the magical strains of Arion.

Lyrist. What do you think of Lariana? (meaning himself.)

Poet.

Poet. One of his notes would frighten a dolphin.

Lyrift. But he is no more.

Poet. No more! what do you mean?

Lyrift. He paid the last debt to nature this morning,

Poet. Then leave me to myself till I indulge my grief.—Lariana is no more. Let his harp be hung in the temple of the Muses, for who shall touch it with his skill? Music, that borrowed charms from poetry used to repay them as often as he swept the trembling wire. The spring has lost the fairest of her flowers—the grove has lost her sweetest nightingale, humanity her advocate, and charity her almoner, for Lariana is no more! Every eye that once beheld is as dark mine: for what pleasure can light afford? the floods are sudden, the floods fall, but my tears shall constantly flow: these are not the tears of Helicon, they flow from my heart; let me haste and embrace his clay-cold corse; let me follow him to the

the grave, dumb with sorrow.—The musician could not witness so much affection any longer in silence: but such was the sensibility of the poet, that it was some time before he could resume his wonted gaiety.

Farewell.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

NANCY has fixed at length on Gotham, as your birth-place.--As to that, my dear friend, I am perfectly at ease, provided I may be allowed to be descended from one of the wise men of that illustrious country, the sages of which in the end appeared to have lived as happily as those of Greece, after all their fine philosophy.

Ubi Libertas ibi Patria.

I have just finished my dining-room, I shall fall to my study next, but we can dispense with reading, when we cannot with eating; there are few writers, I believe, that would not agree with me in this. I have ornamented it with the following pictures:—Saint Dennis looking for his head—Pluto
on

on his Trial for the Rape of Proserpine.—The Graces sacrificing to Cloacina, from an original, in the possession of Sir Jeffry Dunstan, the present Mayor of Garrat.—A London Alderman disappointed of a Turtle Dinner.—A Dutchman harpooning Dumplings.—A Manager ramming an Opera with a Fiddle-stick, down the throat of an Audience.—A brace of Attornies plucking a Client.—Plan of an Hospital for the reception of decayed Sleepers.—A fat Pluralist tickled with the tail of a Tythe Pig, &c.—In addition to these, I have added an inscription or two in praise of temperance, said to have been written by the late Mr. Quin, the patron of John Dory.

As soon as I could spell I was sent to school; our little seminary had been originally a mill; hence it obtained the name of the Academy Della Crusca; the situation was delightful beyond description, and invited to

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study,

study, which was what my master wished of all things, for in his own language he loved to entice us along and to cheat us into learning: if this was the case perhaps with myself, you will be apt to say that some one cheated me out of it again—no rod hung up *in terrorem*, no asinine feast of sow thistles set before us—many a time I used to hear him say, that if he lived he hoped to banish the rod entirely out of the schools; at the same time declaring that he never knew the laurel flourish that was engrafted on birch; so bland in his manners, such a happy mixture of temper, I am afraid seldom falls to the lot of man. Happy was it for him that the fates had been so kind to him in this article, for he had a wife; and, what happens but seldom, she had a tongue which deafened almost every person that was born within the sound of it—(like those who live near the Nile) which exceeded the parish-bell not-with-

withstanding the clapper fell little short of a yard, to which it was often compared, with this difference, that the one dissipated thunder, and the other collected it. — And never did John Denis * manufacture better ; — by the by you know the good bishop of Campana is said to have taken the first hint of a bell from the tongue of a termagant, as Pythagoras is said to

* In the Italian Opera it seems it was heretofore necessary, in order perhaps to awaken the attention of the audience, to introduce a peal or two of thunder: Mr. John Denis, of whatever memory you please, was allowed to excel in the manufacture of this article, to such a degree, that he was called the *Jupiter Tonans* of the house. It was in vain to think of rivalling him in it; every one that attempted it was sure to meet the fate of Salmoneus: at length one more daring, or at least more successful than the rest, surprizing the critic in a tonitruation so exactly like his own, that he lifted up his eyes in astonishment, and swore an oath that fell little short of the rattle, that the thunder he had just heard was his own. At present the practice is not so frequent, as the beaux complained that the slightest shock was much more than their delicate nerves could bear.

have discovered music from the found of a smith's anvil. Margaret Tomlinson was nothing to her *, in Massachusetts, she would have been ducked to death in less than a week†. Death at length stept in to my poor preceptor's assistance, and arrested that

* On whom the following Epitaph was written;

"After some three score years of carterwawling,
Here lies a scold stopp'd from above bawling ;

"Tho' ill she liv'd I dare not read her doom,

"But sure, go where she will, she's troublesome:

"I wish her in revenge among the blest,

"For she'd as lieve be d—d as be at rest."

† In the first code in Massachusetts we find the following wholesome law to restrain scolding :—

"Whereas there is no express punishment, by any law hitherto established, affixed to the evil practice of sundry persons, by exorbitancy of the tongue in railing and scolding :

"It is therefore ordered, that all such persons, convicted before any court or magistrate, that hath proper cognizance of the case, shall be gagged or fet in a ducking stool, and be dipped over head and ears three times in some convenient place of fresh or salt water, as the court or magistrate shall judge meet."

little

little member which, if Dan Chaucer may be trusted, was originally composed of aspin-leaves. Ranius thinks otherwise, he is inclined to suppose, on the authority of an old Greek philosopher, that it was primarily formed of the tail of a salamander: his commentator prefers the tail of an eel; a fourth a turkey's devil with a vein of quicksilver, &c. &c.—Yet after all this, would you believe it, that in less than three times the space that measures one little month—a lunar month you mean—that he began to feel the loss of his rib, the hopper was so used to the clapper that it could not move without it, like the hog in the fable, he could not exist without his yoke; and it was not long before he got another: and if he did not pay as well for it, let the reader judge. My worthy friend at this time could not be much less than sixty, if he was not on the stroke of it: the torch of Venus, it is said, burns not for that period; but we

are often told that female beauty is only another word for magic: the story of Abishag might have ran in his head; and I question if that black-eyed Jewess could boast, a greater variety of charms than Betty: tho' it must be owned, that David had his choice, he was a pretty good judge of those matters. The knot was scarcely tied, when our fair bride found means to untie her tongue; scarce could the old man persuade himself that his wife had not rose from the dead—but the fact was, that the first was only a type of the second, who out Xantipped Xantippe, or all Ginigcot has enumerated on the subject. Æsop's Sufis could not by any means be brought in comparifon*; the celebrated

* A Taylor once, in Chronicles we're told,
Marry'd a wife, and Madam was a scold:
When Chanticleer his early mattins crew,
Loud rung the clarion of the clam'rous shrew;
And when the bird of night her vespers sung,
She stunn'd the village with her restless tongue.
As by the river's side one morn she stray'd,
The treacherous brink her slipping foot betray'd;
She

lebrated orange-woman that spoke without a tongue must have yielded the prize, though fifty had fallen to her lot: the fligheft vociferation would have silenced a groce of catcalls, in the mouths of as many Stentors*. Advice

She fell, the closing waves around her spread,
 And death's dark eddies circled o'er her head.
 Ah! as she sunk into her glassy grave,
 Did no kind Naiad hear, no dolphin save?
 Haply they deemed it but a dip at best,
 A dip to charm her tongue, and cool her breast.
 A doleful look, her spouse poor man! puts on,
 And much he mourns, and much laments her gone:
 Like Thetis' son he seeks the silent shore,
 In vain he seeks—Briseis is no more:
 Lost, lost, for ever on her corpse intent,
 With seeming sorrow, up the stream he went,
 And search'd, yet fear'd to find—The neighbours came,
 "Would you for certain find the wretched dame,
 The river's course pursue, in vain you try."
 "Ah friends, you know her not so well as I;
 Tho' even dead against the stream she'll strive,
 Who was all contradiction when alive."

* Whose voice, like thunder, is said to have turned wine into vinegar.

and pitch-pipes were in vain—at length, being quite exhausted, his best friend was obliged to come to his assistance a second time, and in order to put him out of the power of falling into the snare of a third, he sealed his quietus at once, in the second year of his second captivity with his second termagant—who in the line of termagancy stood without a second—in—somuch that many looked on her to be a devil in the shape of a woman—

That cordial drop heaven in our cup has thrown,
To make the nauseous draught of life go down.

At his own request he was buried with his first wife, but desired with his last breath, that his second might find out a resting-place elsewhere, if it was possible that she could rest any where; which was complied with—the parish contributed to raise a little monument to his memory, with this inscription:

“ Old Thompson’s covered by this flag,

“ Close to his once neglected hag;

“ Bids

" Bids his gay buxom wife adieu,
 " Lies by the old, forc'd from the new :
 " They lie both pent up in this tomb,
 " For t'other wife there won't be room ;
 " In death itself he would be loath
 " To be tormented by them both."

You that has ever been used to the
 melting of a woman's tongue, may
 think perhaps that I have been rather
 too severe on the sex, to whom we are
 indebted for every thing that is amiable
 in the sentiments of man: that you may
 never have occasion to think otherwise,
 is the wish of

Your sincere Friend.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I contrived to get a peep at your last: you see the curiosity of a woman, and you also see that we cannot keep our own secrets.—I cannot help saying, that I really think you are too severe on our sex, if you touch one you touch the whole in some measure; our flames and our frailties are pretty much alike; and to tell you the truth, I should be very angry with you, if I did not know that on many occasions you have stood forward as the champion of the weaker vessel; which, to use one of your own expressions, is fashioned with so much art, that the slightest flaw is discernable in an instant. I have been taught, and experience evinces, that our tongue is our only weapon: to scold is the privilege of woman alone, and at fit seasons it is but pro-

proper that we should keep up the charter.—Mr. Addison professes himself to be a great admirer of that little instrument, and if I mistake not he compares it to a musical one, the piano forte—and at least if he does not he ought, for I think the comparison will hold good in almost every case, especially in love ;—but I forgot it is with our eyes we speak on that occasion, and it is our eyes alone that ought to be consulted:—it is in our eyes that lovers read their fate.—— ———

— — — — —
— — — — —
— — — — —
— — — — —
As there are male coquets, there are also male scolds, as well as female ; and if Milton is to be trusted, Adam was the first. I am apt to think we would go a great length in reconciling a man to this species of music, and I hope you will not think me too pedantic, if I quote a saying of
Doctor

Doctor Johnson in support of this assertion—"If the door creaks a fortnight, the master would not give sixpence to have it oiled."

I am dear Sir,

Your's sincerely,

M. W.—.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

SIR,

MRS. — told me, as a great secret, that you had deserted our standard, and that you attempted an apology; that is, in plain English, you stab with the sharp end of the pen, and then anoint the wound with the feather—is this fair? — I knew Mrs. Thompson, and I know it was generally said, that her tongue was made out of the clapper of a mill: but you may remember that her husband was a poor domestic animal. Now, as to scolding, do you really think, my unhappy sex monopolizes that precious article? Do you never hear of any in St. Stephen's Chapel—at the bar—ay and in the church too? Do you never hear of one nation scolding another? You do not forget that a Spanish writer
paid

paid a visit to purgatory, where scolds are hung up by the tongue, and that he saw the good Bishop of Toledo in that situation; at first it was intended to have imposed *silence* on them as the greatest punishment, but that was found to be impossible. Do not you think your favourite Shakespeare would have made an excellent scold? What do you think of our sentimental scolds? I assure you I am not one of them, I like to give vent to my passion—I am told that the Irish language abounds with the bitterest expressions: if I knew that, I would really endeavour to learn it.—You little know the man I have to deal with; at breakfast he is sure to find fault with something, at dinner with every thing, and at supper Old Nick could not please him; in bed he sleeps all night. Now what do you think of my dear mate? have I not reason to make use of my tongue? I only wish that the Reviewers may give you a good hearty scolding. To eke out
this

this letter, I send you a riddle, written by a friend of mine, on which you may comment as you please.

I am, Sir, &c.

DEBORAH.

THE RIDDLE.

STRETCH'D within my little vale,
Half encircled with a pale
Of bone thrice polish'd, set in order,
Which sometimes on iv'ry border,
Curtain'd in my room with red,
And smoothly laid in crimson bed ;
'Tis I dissolve the stony heart,
And comfort's balmy joys impart ;
'Tis I can rule the madding crowd,
Or tame the haughty and the proud ;
'Tis I o'er beauty oft prevail,
That queen of life's capricious vale :
'Tis I can fire the warrior's soul,
Or passion's giddy voice controul ;
Senates have felt my lordly sway,
And kings my magic power obey.
Gilded o'er with truth and lies,
Under many a mix'd disguise,
I dress to cheat unpractis'd youth
With falsehood's garb for honest truth.
Xantippe bold, in dead of night,
Taught Socrates to own my might !

Strange

Strange enchantress, motley creature,
Oddest prodigy of nature!
As billows raging, now I'm wild;
Now as warbling fountains mild;
Now religious laws proclaiming,
Now the good and just defaming;
Now cementing patriotism,
Now in church provoking schism.
Enough, O Muse! kind reason cries,
The wretch who owns this monster dies,
Expound my riddle, if your able:
This riddle once confounded *Babel*!

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

DEAR SIR,

I think I have some faint recollection of your old schoolmaster Thompson : I thought he had married a third wife — if he did not, you know it is in your power to put on the yoke a third time : besides, it would make the little account you give of him more complete, as you have dropped him in the comparative degree : if you go on I can furnish you with the superlative. What do you think of Mrs. — ? you can be only at a loss for similes — the Thracian Bosphorus, the Garonne after a thaw, the Poddle in Dublin, Shoreditch after a city shower, &c. might furnish a hint. Mrs. — has also a good eight-day tongue. — The sex, it is true, will be all in arms against you ; for, if I may use so low a comparison, the generality of them are like turkies, that delight
to

to mix together, but if you happen to smear the head of one, all the rest are sure to fall on it.

Good Bye.

P. S. You seem to know little of the impatience of an English reader—there are long-winded writers, and long-winded speakers, but let me tell you I know very few long-winded readers; excuse the hint, it comes from a friend.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I think it is Suckling that pities the man who cannot read of a wet day : Mrs. S— pities the woman who cannot play at cards of a wet day—as for me, I can do neither one nor the other, as long as the clouds descend in showers—nor yet write, which is the reason I have not taken a pen in my hand these few days past. I often thought that Doctor Goldsmith had Mr. Thompson's academic successor in his eye, when he drew the picture of his country schoolmaster—like him he had a variety of jokes, at which I have often laughed with “counterfeited glee.”—He was naturally pacific, and, like his predecessor, delighted not in the infliction of punishments, which obtain in our schools, to the disgrace of learning ; particularly the mode of pulling boys by the ears, however well accounted for

for by Rabelais* ; and to which perhaps we may attribute the length of ears that is now found amongst our lawyers, divines, physicians, and our musical amateurs in particular. With him to shake the bottle was to muddy it, in opposition to all that ever has been written on the subject.

You would be delighted with the hedge that I have made round the church-yard, and the number of "frail memorials" that I have erected to the memory of departed worth and premature song ; at present it resembles Gray's in almost every particular, except the "aged thorn ;" and sorry I am that it fell to his lot to

* Schoolmasters and tutors shake the heads of their disciples, as one would do a pot, in holding it by the ears, that by this erection and vellification, and pulling their ears, which, according to the doctrine of the sage Egyptians, is a member consecrated to the memory, they may stir them up to the recollection of their thoughts, and bring home the fancy which has been extravagantly roaming abroad. RABELAIS.

to sleep under one. I am collecting all the ever-greens I can against winter: I wish I had a slip of Glastonbury thorn. — Digressions like contradictions, you see, beget one another, and I know you have as little relish for digressions, as ever Charles the Second discovered for long-winded sermons—Break off, break off!

Good Night.

P. S. A postscript is like a portman-teau, in which you may cram almost any thing—I thought I had something to say, but it has slipped my memory—Have you seen O'Reilly's poem on the brave Elliot's defence of Gibraltar? I dare say there are some red-hot balls in it, for he is allowed to be a man of genius; if you can procure it, send it me—the Cock of the Rock is now the reigning toast, and I am told the very prudes drink it in secret—I have got a fine print of the Prince of Wales—

If to his share some youthful fallies fall,
Look in his face and you'll forget them all.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

GREAT a favourite as I was with my master, I am sorry to tell you I was not so with Minerva; my progress in literature was so slow, that my father gave an entertainment, somewhat in the stile of Abraham's *fête champêtre*, as soon as I began to read the Bible. It is true I had a good memory, but I did not like to be loading it with the musty conceits of my ancestors, notwithstanding the encomiums he was continually pouring out on the ancients, particularly the Roman writers, for it was his opinion that they had exhausted all learning, and that the moderns could do little more than copy their sentiments: even this, as I told him one day, was sufficient to damp that emulation which he wished to

to inspire.—Why, I tell you boy, that Homer said every thing—At that rate there is nothing left for me to say.—At this period I cannot recollect my age, but that is true, it is not expected that women and authors should ever tell their age—there is one thing, however, that I shall never forget, and that is the pleasures that I enjoyed in those days, which a French writer has distinguished by the name of *les jours sans souci*. As to the history of my “boyish days,” as well as those of my infancy, I do not think it would be read, if I even did relate it; you would not expect that I should remember the play-things that I have freely parted with to purchase the freedom of a captive linnet, though told perhaps, at the time, that it used to tell of me as often as I played truant. And here I must trespass the bounds, which I intended to prescribe to myself: I was neither idle nor mischievous,

vous, I employed my leisure moments in making toys, such as carts, wind and water mills, &c. &c. and I have laid some of them carefully by to amuse in second infancy, provided the fates should extend my life to that period. I had no objection to classical learning, but I could not bear to hunt after the etymology of a word—so that it is no wonder my progress in that line was very slow. Books of travels and voyages only could fix my attention. Gulliver, you may be sure, was a favourite; I would have given any thing for one of the sheep of Laputa. I cannot exactly recollect, but I am sure I have dropped tears with Glumdalclitch, when she missed her “pleasing care:” I languished to fish in the river of stones, and wished to warm myself a thousand times at the dancing fires of Bathroda; or to wander amidst the roses of Zarella, even though I should have died with “aromatic pain.” How oft, on the wings of imagination,

gination have I visited the Castle of Prifalia, which, according to my author, is built of marbled ice, hung round with clouds, that Lutherbourg would attempt in vain to imitate, covered with snow, and illuminated with icicles! How oft, in that enchanting palace, have I knit the dance with the rosy-bosomed Hours, to the soft airs of the Æolian harp! and when fancy had her fill, the next enchanting scene was Britain—*Penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos, quasi alterum orbem terrarum*--whose soil bringeth forth grain in abundance*, whose air is more temperate than that of France†, whose seas produce orient pearl‡, in whose fields the Queen of Summer delights to revel§, whose chief city is worthily called Augusta||;--but what are all these to her daughters, at whose eyes the diamond drinks its purest beams, and her sons

* Tacitus. † Cæsar. ‡ Suetonius.
§ Orpheus. || Ammianus.

matchless in arts and arms. When I read of great cities, such as London, I could not for the soul of me light on what it was that brought so many people together, unless it was to stifle each other, if it be true that every man consumes a gallon of air in a minute.-----At the time I did not reflect that the charms of urbanity, and all the social intercourse of polished life, balanced the inconvenience *. That species of literature, which my father wished I should address myself to, had very little charms for me, and still less for my second brother, who preferred

* "Without cities urbanity and civility cannot take place. In large communities only the hardness and roughness of naked nature can be ground down, and polished: it is from the frequent collision of many minds, that those sparks of genius are elicited, which not only enlighten the understanding, but correct the heart, and furnish those innumerable establishments of art, which give unspeakable charms to social intercourse, and, in some degree, exalt the dignity of human nature."

DR. CAMPBELL.

the

the shining share to all the din of arms,
and the trophies of Ceres to all the
spoils of war ;—with him poetry was
only the art of telling lyes in verse ;
history, at best, but served to unveil
that ugly “ naked fight,” the human
heart ; rhetoric only taught us “ to
name our tools ;” logic prompted us to
make a chopping-block of every poor
block that happened to fall in our
way ; and philosophy herself, the
queen of arts, might well be called
the spy of sorrow ; metaphysics stuffed
our pillows with thorns—but religion
with the plumes of a dove.

In the midst of all this I do not for-
get that I promised to send you the
song ; as yet, however, let us not
touch on love, “ whose misery de-
lights”---Oh love,

Not quicker disease
Its ruin to spread,
Than thou art to seize
The heart and the head.

ADIEU.

H 2

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I must not forget to tell you, that my father made it a point to visit an island, at least once a year, that lay about two miles to the west of that in which I was born; if I mistake not, I accompanied him twice—I can recollect very little of the manners and customs of the inhabitants; at present I have one of their pastorals, in which the shepherds seem not quite so silly as their sheep.—I had the pleasure of conversing some time with the old governor, who had retired into a neat little cottage, which might be called the nest of old age; their laws, it seems, were very different from those which obtained in ours—I shall take the liberty of presenting the reader with an extract from their code, viz.

“ 1st,

“ 1st, That a regular fair be established once a year for the sale of old maids.

“ 2dly, That pride and ignorance henceforward be esteemed as synonymous terms, and may on all occasions be used indifferently the one for the other.

“ 3dly, That all widows be allowed the benefit of the ram*, black or white, as practised in the manor of _____.

“ 4thly, That under certain circumstances, such as a decrease in births, no woman is to go above eight months with child.

“ 5thly, That the marriage of a young woman and an old man shall not be esteemed valid;—this it seems is founded on the laws of nature.”

There is one thing I should not forget to mention: this island was once over-ran with attornies, and all the

* See the Spectator.

harpies of the law ; an act was, however, passed, that on the admission of every young attorney ten of the old were to be hung : such was the effect of this salutary statute, that in a short time the country was so thinned of this pest, that the last of them was buried a few weeks before our arrival—a keen artful fellow, hypocritical to the last, he could smile on you at the very instant he was plotting against you ; I had the curiosity to transcribe his epitaph, which was written by one of his ruined clients : I think it ran as follows, for I have not the copy at present in my possession, so that I only give it from memory :

Here G—b—y lies, to worms a prey,
Himself a greater worm than they ;
A vile regrator of the laws,
Whose very name would damn your cause ;
Who with a look and ear attendant,
Deceiv'd both plaintiff and defendant ;
So conscientious and demure,
With every nod and word so sure ;

That

That he, unless you knew his tricks,
Would make you kick against the pricks :
Each path of villainy he trod,
Gold was his country, gold his god ;
Death laid a snare for him at last,
The knave demurr'd, but he was cast.
Death smil'd, to think he gain'd his cause,
And all the court rung with huzzas.

HUZZA.

Just as this inscription was agreed on
una voce, the following was presented
by another ruined client :

Here lies, for creeping worms the carrion store,
That never fed a hungry mouth before,
Old Gripe, long practis'd in deception's school,
From birth a juggler, and a knave by rule :
Mean in each thought, and base in every deed,
His zeal oppression—bribery his creed !
Each secret path of villainy he trod,
His maxim penury and pelf his god—
'Till in the height of his career he fell,
On earth accurs'd, and black-ball'd ev'n in Hell.

LETTER XVIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

LAST week I was obliged to attend our assizes, which proved a maiden one. I was glad of it, I am fond of maiden assizes, maiden speeches, and all sorts of maids, old and young: though I really think, if the world goes on as it has for some time past, that we shall meet with few of the latter. On my return, I had the good fortune to alight at a little country inn, where I met with a very agreeable companion in my landlord, who had spent the best part of his life at sea: and yet, strange to tell, this honest fellow told me, for such I found him to be, that he never met with a misfortune that he was not able to drown in a can of grog, to use his own expression; nay, said he, I do not know that I ever met with a misfortune in my life. As I am fond of your practical

tical philosophers, I did not like him a whit the worse on this account, notwithstanding the example of Saint Ambrose.*—I just tell you this, to let you know that, I did not feel those inconveniences which are but too often experienced in travelling through the remoter parts of this country.

Scarce had the sun thrown off his night-cap, when one of my shepherds came to tell me that one of my sheep was missing—another brought me word that the river had broken it's mounds, and carried off a cock or two of my hay ; and whilst he was yet speaking, came another also, to acquaint me that the wind had blown down one of my trees, and a favourite one too—so that

* Saint Ambrose, in a journey from Milan to Rome, hearing his host brag that he never met with any cross in his life, presently removed thence to another house, saying, that either the man was very unthankful to God, that would not derive knowledge from his corrections, or that God's measure was by this time full, and he would certainly pour down all together.

you see a country life has its cares.— Patience however is a good stream anchor, as the tar says, and at times I stand in almost as much need of it as the Uzzite himself, with this difference, that I think I have better comforters—in a short time the sheep was found, the stream taught to glide in its wonted channel, the tree transplanted in an humbler situation, and the messengers rewarded: the first with the last new ballad that was sung at the fair, the second with a pair of garters, and the third with a small flute, on which he has already taught the woods to re-found the name of his mistress.

To resume the thread of my history—for what signifies a history without a thread, especially such a labyrinthic one as mine, if I may use the expression?—In the sabbath of the year —, instead of laying gins and traps to ensnare the sylvan race, we were taught to cherish and protect them; the snow was sure to be sown with grain, nor was it sown in
in

in vain, for those who could not pay in plumes at the moulting season, repaid in grateful songs, that even melted the icy breast of winter, whose tyrant reign was never known to exceed our months at most; and such was the friendly intercourse between the tame and wild fowl, that in case of sickness or death, the one never failed to cherish the offspring of the other: the red-breast never missed to make one at breakfast, and was trebly endeared as often as we thought of the Babes in the Wood *, the filial affection of the stork, the maternal tenderness of the

- * “ The cruel guardian, whose fell heart,
“ By cries of weeping innocence unmov’d,
“ Agape with heart of avarice, expos’d,
“ A prey to famine in the howling woods;
“ Smit with those angel beauties, in the sleep
“ Of peaceful death, the pious red-breast strew’d
“ With flowers and verdant leaves each lamb-like
corse,
“ As in the cold embrace, with snowy arms,
“ Breathless the little younglings lay entwin’d.”

pelican,

pelican*; these at all times insured their protection and liberty as far as in our power, of which they seemed as sensible, that I have known them hop in our way, or perch above us on the leafy branch, as often as sleep invited us to press the moss-swoln couch beneath it. To my sister the turtle claimed kindred, and her claims were allowed.

Notwithstanding, as I have already observed that the island abounded with all the necessaries of life, we were not permitted to eat the bread of idleness: as soon as we could walk almost we were conducted to the field

* Thus pierc'd with grief, and wilder'd with despair,

The pelican laments her tender care;
To every wind her sorrow is address,
When some rude hand has robb'd her downy nest:
She tries the brake, she searches all the plain,
Full oft she's heard to call, but calls in vain;
She droops her wings, she hates the tedious day,
And pensive mourns the live-long night away.

And the wren must not be touched, as we were told that Cupid winged the dart of mutual love with its feather.

in

in the order of our birth, at once instructed in the arts of peace and war, to cultivate the soil, and to protect it, if occasion required; our labours were always proportioned to our strength, and disposed of in such a manner, that they became a pleasure, instead of a task. Industry by this means became a part of our existence;* instruction and amusement went hand in hand, as they always ought to go; the healing dittany, the molifying lily, the cooling violet, the breathing camomile, and above all the divine amaranth, spread not their charms in vain; not a verdant leaf almost, that was not read even by the meanest peasant, nor is it

* Plutarch, in his life of Cato the Censor, tells us of a mule, which being long employed in public labours, was at length dismissed with a writ of ease: the industrious animal could not bear to be idle, but presented himself at the head of his brethren, as it were, to encourage them; which pleased the people so much, that it was ordered that the mule should be supported throughout the remainder of his life, at the public expence.

to

to be wondered at, when it is known that poetry came in to the assistance of botany, and embalmed not only the medicinal virtues, nay, I had like to say the odours of many a plant, which in other countries

———“ the dull swain
“ Treads daily on with clouted shoon.”

Meantime the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to the oaten flute.

Especially, in the heyday of the harvest, which was never known to breathe its “ still song” alone into the reaper’s ear, as it was the custom of the country to bring up a number of young men, that discovered a genius in modulating the pastoral reed, which was the only instrument of music in the country, that even Love had learned to breathe his sighs to : one or two of these musicians were always employed to soften the labours of the field ; some chose to play at the head of the reapers, whilst others sought
the

the shade, in concert with the feathery tribe, that first inspired the idea*.

In that quarter of the year called winter, when the welcome sun only shews his face by turns, the blazing hearth supplied his absence; and as my father was a Newtonian in astronomy as well as every thing else, except chronology, it was placed in the centre of the system, or in other words it was placed in the middle of the house, whilst the family encircled it like so many planets. I think I now see the monarch of the cot: and I know not the monarch that would not envy his happiness, if they really knew what happiness was.—Now he reads, now he talks, or

“ Looks round with pleasure, and with joy surveys
“ His children’s face, that brighten at the blaze.”

* “ Naturalists observe that whilst the hen is covering her eggs, the male generally takes his stand upon the neighbouring bough, within hearing, and by that means amuses and diverts with his songs during the whole time of her sitting.”

SPECTATOR.

Some

Some were employed in making mathematical figures in the ashes, or in converse with the mighty dead,

—————"who blest mankind
"With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world."

As thus we talked, our hearts would burn within us, would inhale that portion of divinity, that ray of purest heaven, which lights the public soul of patriots and of heroes—such as France boasts at present, and such as England boasted some time ago.

Good Night:

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have just finished my library ; I have packed all the fathers into one corner, which I call *Limbo Patrum*. Tho' I never was curious in binding books, Cæsar shall, however, appear in scarlet, and all my pastoral writers in green ; all your mad writers I can lay my hand on, shall be bound in strong cow-hide ; and your silly ones, like myself, in sheep-skin——In the mean time, the evening hymn never failed to crown the day—so that our infant tongues were first taught to break the bands of silence in praise of our maker, and I question if that which Adam and Eve sung in Paradise ascended to the throne of God in sweeter accents, or a purer flame.

flame.—The spring was always to be welcomed in with a new song, and the summer with a dance, led up beneath the hawthorn-tree, whose leaves vibrated in unison to every note.

As our little academy lay at some distance from the house, I used to indulge, an unexpected holiday, in rambling through a large wood, which ran along the sea shore, or rather an arm of the sea, which in general presented so delightful a prospect, that I looked on the life of a mariner to be the happiest in the world, and could not be persuaded of the truth of what Horace says, with respect to the first who dared to tempt the dangers of the main : my mind was continually running on boats and ships, and the variety of materials of which they had been composed in former days, particularly among the ancient Britons and Icelanders :—the canoes of Sandwich Island, as described by Captain Cooke, charmed me beyond all the rest,

rest*, notwithstanding I thought the model might be improved, and I was determined to try if it could not: I could not at the time put my little plan into execution, as the winter was advancing, and the sight of the sea began to terrify me, for I took care to view it in every little storm, and could scarce persuade myself that it was the same element I had seen in the sunshine of summer. My fears vanished with the winter, and as soon as my own season had assumed the empire of the year, to work I began, and in less than

* “ These canoes are in general about twenty-four feet long, and have the bottom for the most part formed of a single piece or log of wood, hollowed out to the thickness of an inch, or an inch and a half, and brought to a point at each end. The sides consist of three boards, each about an inch thick, and neatly fitted and lashed to the bottom part. The extremities, both at head and stern, are a little raised, and both are made sharp, somewhat like a wedge, but they flatten more abruptly, so that the two side boards join each other side by side for more than a foot.”

COOK'S VOYAGES.

than three months compleated my bark to my satisfaction, which I canopied over with honey-suckles, raised a sofa of green turf at one end; and as I had built pretty much in the form of a swan, I was determined that it should not want wings, which in the end I composed of a parcel of reeds, ingeniously tied length-wise together, ornamented with the whitest feathers, the meanest of which would have adorned the shafts of love.—Hitherto I was happy enough to conceal my labours from every eye; my next care was to conceal my skiff; at length I found a little creek that ran into the wood, at the head of which I drew it up, beneath a tuft of trees that spread their umbrageous arms to guard my charge; as often as I could I took a sail in it; I watched my opportunities, like the timid virgin when she goes to bathe; and as the nightingale is said never to sing near her nest, I took as much care as possible

fible to avoid being seen near that part of the country in which I enjoyed so much pleasure. Like the young poet, however, whose weak unballast wings flies only round the mossy banks, I took care to keep close to the beach, notwithstanding the level brine often tempted me—One day I was induced to it—the temptation was too strong to be resisted, especially by one who had never experienced any danger—the very elements conspired to banish my usual prudence—the sea and the air seemed to be at perfect amity with each other, and the sun shone as if he rejoiced at it——But before I proceed any farther, I had better give you a little respite; for by this I do think with Diogenes you are looking out for land—so that for the present I shall take my leave of you, firmly persuaded that if my letters contribute to nothing else, they will to sleep; and it will give me some satisfaction to hear that you call for one of them as often

as you wish to fall a victim to the influence of that god, and hereafter that they may stand a chance of being recommended to every person afflicted with the gout.

GOOD NIGHT.

— Mr. B—'s uncle died last week, and has left him all his curiosities; the most precious amongst them are, a pair of scales for weighing accents; a pismire's egg half hatched; a glove with ten fingers; a miser's blessing; a large cudgel, supposed to be the very one that Doctor Johnson lost in the island of Mull, &c. &c.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HAVING launched my little nauticus beyond its usual course, I continued to sail till I thought I saw the mountains gradually sink into the main; I conceived that I had nothing to do but to return, and so began to paddle with my oars, but the instant almost that I attempted a breeze sprung up, and though it scarcely breathed the instant before, I was obliged to contract my sail in a short time, such strength did it gather—whilst the sea, which lately reflected the brightest sky, began to roll apace—fear seized on every limb—it was too late to think of what Moschas said *, the thoughts of

* “When seas are calm, tost by no angry wind,
 “What roving thoughts perplex’d my easy mind!
 My

of my father, mother, brothers and sisters, rushed into my mind, which presented the best of fathers in a situation similar to that of Jacob lamenting the supposed untimely fate of his son.—Oh! why did I venture myself on an element whose deceit is proverbial? What is it that is delusive, and in the end destructive, that is not compared to the sea? False love, false hope, and false friends.—Thus did I rave for some minutes; I could only waft my sighs to that dear abode, in which I spent some of the happiest moments that ever fell to the lot of human kind; By this I could see nothing but the watery waste, and thick collected clouds furcharged with rain, and hung with triple darkness—the storm encreased—the rain at intervals descended in ca-

My muse no more delights me, I would fain
 Enjoy the tempting pleasures of the main :
 But when I see the blustering storms arise,
 Heaving up waves like mountains to the skies,
 The sea I dread, and all my fancy bend
 To the firm land, my old and faithful friend."

taracts,

taracts, the multitudinous waves began to contend for superiority, so that I looked on every one that came as the pillow on which I should repose in death ; one gust I do actually believe would have overset my little bark, had it not melted away in a shower, in compassion to my situation ; but this was a prelude to what was to follow ;—the sun had long since set, and scarce did the moon shew her watery face, and when she did, it was only to heighten my distress ; the whole artillery of heaven began to play, and I can compare it to nothing but the dreadful descriptions that are given in the Apocalypse of Saint John—Ruin gave the word ! every element seemed to contend, the one with the other, and the whole seemed united against my little pinnacle, which actually groaned as if over-powered in the conflict ;—and wonderful it was, when I reflect on it, that it went thro' what it did : as yet

every article was found faithful to its charge, except the giddy mast, which had given way in the beginning—I shall never forget the ruddy lightning, and the muttering of the thunder. As I had given over all hopes of escaping, I thought it best to employ the few moments that might be lent me in preparing for death; and that I might not immediately fall a prey to the monsters of the deep—human weakness!—I adjusted every thing on the deck before I descended.—“Little did I imagine,” said I, as I stretched myself in my cabin, “when I was decorating this bark, *that I was ornamenting my coffin.*”

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CAN recollect nothing more till I wakened the next morning, when I found myself on a little bank at the foot of an old oak, just as much surprized as Adam, and perhaps a little more, when he first became sensible of his existence*. The first object that caught my attention was the sun, whose vivifying beams played round me; I could not be persuaded that I was yet cloathed with mortality, not-

* "Thou sun--fair light!—

"And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay!
 "Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains!
 "And ye that live and move, fair creatures! tell,
 "Tell if ye saw how I came thus--how I came
 here?

"Not of myself: by some great maker, then,
 "In goodness and in power pre-eminent."

MILTON.

withstanding I felt my pulse beat—but exceedingly languid—notwithstanding all this, I could not be persuaded but I had landed on some celestial shore; and in truth every thing around me seemed to justify the opinion: the fragrance of the flowers, the melody of the birds, and the beauty of the fruit that seemed to nod in unfading prime, conspired to strengthen the idea.—Instinct as it were directed me to chafe my limbs, and in the course of half an hour I was able to get up and walk, but not very far; as I felt the sun rather warm, I sat down under the covert, whose vegetable gold invited me to taste of it—I pulled one of the apples, which was so delicious to the taste, that I ventured to pluck a second, which revived me almost in an instant.—As my cloaths were wet, I undressed myself, hung them to dry on one of the bushes, and hid myself among the branches:—as soon as my cloaths were dry I dressed myself
and

and walked down to the shore, which was covered with such a variety of pebbles, that I could scarcely forbear loading my pockets with them—the sea seemed troubled, and still in motion, notwithstanding the calmness of the day. At length I espied my little bark quite shattered—it is impossible to paint the joy I felt on beholding it, and the dialogue, if I may use the expression, that passed betwixt us—my faithful bark, that never left me till it landed me on the softest bank in the country ; but this was not all, my obligations to it did not end here, for on examining the cabin I found two bottles of gooseberry wine, a small basket of cakes, and a Psaltery, which opened at the twenty-third psalm, which I read with a degree of rapture that bordered on enthusiasm, and I thought I could not at the time express a higher sense of my gratitude to the Deity, than in collecting the scattered remains of my boat, which I did with

all the piety imaginable. Having tasted a glass or two of the wine, I thought myself as strong as a lion:—My next step was to hale my skiff ashore, and to conceal it in a cavern, which I had the good luck to discover within a few paces of the beach; there having found out a place for my boat, I began to look out a covert for myself—I was resolved that we should be near each other; a slight survey gratified me in this. I had not taken possession of it very long, when Morpheus was so kind as to pay me a visit—I did not waken till sun-set—the approach of the night terrified me a little; but when I reflected on the goodness of Providence, my spirits began to revive. Hitherto I had not seen a four-footed beast, nor the trace of a human foot. I was determined, however, to guard against every danger; for this purpose I got up into one of the trees, but instead of the roaring of the lion, the growling of the tyger, and

and the churning of the bear, I was agreeably entertained throughout the night with the songs of the nightingale, which were succeeded by the towering lark—my heart melted within me with secret rapture; at intervals the thoughts of those I had left behind me broke in on me, in spite of all my fortitude, and when I put up my hand I used to feel my cheeks wet with tears.

As soon as the sun had gained a little strength I descended, and having read a little in my Psaltery, breakfasted: as my strength was quite restored about twelve o'clock, I was determined to take a little range through the island, which it afterwards proved to be: the "human face divine" was still wanting, though I dreaded to meet it. Having ascended a hill that commanded a very extensive prospect, I could discern no habitation — at a little distance I thought I discovered some sheep, but was afraid to venture

any farther, lest I should not be able to find my way back again, though I took every precaution for that purpose.

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

A GENTLE stream ran down the side of the hill, over sunny sands—the margin was shaded with hazel and willow, interspersed with flowrets of every colour—I thought there could be no great danger in taking a walk along its banks—one step invited another, till I was insensibly led to the entrance of a bower, that inspired something more than vernal delight; as soon as I had entered, it immediately struck me as sacred to some divinity—My curiosity, however, got the better of my fears; in I went, this moment for advancing, and the next for retiring, such was the suspense of my mind—as Zephyr was the only noise I heard, I ventured to the end, which presented me with a grotto that exceeds description, into which I had

the temerity to go: notwithstanding the vigour of the sun, it was quite cool, rather capacious, and adorned with almost every flower that sips the dew, with a mossy couch at one end, and a small collection of books at the other, with a musical instrument, which I ventured to touch, and to which the agitation of my nerves kept unison. I did not attempt to touch one of the books—as soon as I found myself somewhat composed I retired, determined at all events to remain for some time within view of it, for which I concealed myself under the shade of a spreading beech. I had not remained very long in this situation, when an object much more beautiful than any thing I had yet seen presented itself, a nymph, for as yet I knew not by what angelic name to call her, chanced to bend her steps to the grotto: at first I took her to be the Genius of the place; onward she came, like Eve led by her Maker—the roses seemed to rise

rise beneath her feet, and the lilies to assume a purer white at every modest glance; I thought I felt her very image descending into my heart—I could have gazed away my life:—in a short time my ear came in for its share of gratification, for she had been but a few minutes out of my sight when she began to sing to her lute; the notes were so enchanting that I could not help saying to myself, in the words of Milton, almost loud enough to be heard—

“ Can any mortal mixture of earth’s mould
“ Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?”

I did not venture to stir till she withdrew, nor did I dare to revisit the grotto; for though I only conjectured before that it was the haunt of a goddess, I was now convinced that it was. I think I never passed so agreeable a night as that which crowned the day—my dreams presented her afresh
in

in all her charms, which sunk so sensibly into my soul, that I could scarce think of any thing else the day following.

Good Night.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE next morning the sun, that dried up the dew in an instant, could not dry up my tears, notwithstanding all my fine dreams.—I could not get the thoughts of my mother out of my mind; I thought I drank in her cries in every breeze, and saw her drowned in sorrow in every sight.—The approach of the winter frightened me, I compared my situation to that of Robinson Crusoe, and thought I had the better of the two; this gave me some courage, but I cannot say that it continued very long.—As the day was remarkably fine, I was determined, let the consequence be what it might, to take a wider range than I had on the preceding; and to learn if possible whether the country was inhabited or no: to accomplish this wish I got up
a very

a very high hill, and^d as my sight was very good, I discovered some sheep at a distance, feeding in a valley; at the same time I thought I heard the neighing of several horses; and as I am naturally fond of those animals, I was more obliged to my ears than my eyes on that occasion. I looked towards the sea, but could see nothing: the sight of a single cottage would have given me the greatest pleasure; at length I saw one, and had the courage to go up to it—it was deserted, but the manner in which it was constructed convinced me that the island was inhabited, and that by a civilized people too, as I met with two iron instruments the use of which I could not comprehend. I was very much rejoiced at this; and though as little disposed to superstition as my neighbours, I could not help saying to myself “I am glad that the first living animal I saw was a sheep.” As I was musing, on my return, on what I had

I had seen, a woman happened to meet me—at first I was a little startled, and was going to pass by her without speaking—her countenance invited me, and from that day to this I think I never saw so placid a one ; I was happy to find that our language was the same, differing only in dialect. I related to her the heads of my story, which she listened to with more patience than I fear you will take to read this ; which in order to induce you to, I shall only remind you, which is perfectly unnecessary, I hope, that

I am

Yours sincerely.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

OUR chief governor has two sons, and three daughters who may well be called the three Graces, particularly the eldest, who is yet in the flower of youth; but, as the poet says,

“The beauty that is borne in her face

“The bearer knows not.”

Notwithstanding she is fairer than the lily, she is above leading an ambrosial life; her garments are all of her own needle-work, her waist like the harp of Apollo, and her hair the golden strings; her flower garden would delight you, and yet when she moves in it she seems the fairest flowret of the whole: at a little distance she has a bower; I never saw it, but it is
said

said to exceed even Byrtha's.—By this time we had gained the cottage of my kind conductress. Her family consisted of two little boys, her grandsons, who had lived with her from their infancy; her husband had been a clergyman, who having long “allured to brighter worlds,” led the way with a smile in the sixtieth year of his age: this if possible knit me closer to her, on account of my father being of the same profession, and more from the similarity of their manners.—The cottage was delightfully situated on the declivity of a verdant hill, encircled with a brook that flowed in mazes. The garden was large, and in some places so overshaded with lofty pine that the sun-flower could scarcely get a view of her lusty paramour till he gained his meridian; such a vegetable toleration, not a plant or flower, however mean, that did not meet with protection and attention; and though Solomon in all his glory
was

was arrayed like the lily, yet the prickly briar—I mean the sweet-briar—thought it no indignity to curl round her snowy waist; and, that Narcissus might have the pleasure of viewing himself, a small rivulet ran through the midst, on whose velvet brim he took delight to bend.—From the specimen I have given you of this enchanting spot, I shall leave you to conceive the rest.

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AS soon as I was somewhat domesticated, my dear patroness, whose real name I shall beg leave hereafter to conceal under that of Mrs. Friendly, called me aside one day, "You must know," said she, "that it is against the laws of this island to conceal any stranger; and though I have not concealed you, it amounts to the same; it is true we are visited by very few, but as soon as they arrive it is necessary to acquaint the governor, who immediately takes care that they are provided for according to their quality: with respect to the latter, I do not intend that you shall lay under obligations to him—my cottage is entirely at your service, and from henceforward I shall look on you as one of my own children."—It is easier to conceive than paint the gratitude

titude which I felt on this occasion: I was so over-powered with her goodness that I could not speak, but my tears supplied the office of my tongue, and perhaps more effectually, for the good woman embraced me with all the tenderness of my own mother—the little boys did every thing in their power to amuse me; in return, I taught them to make a paper kite, which pleased them exceedingly. The eldest was a delicate lad, and had a taste for reading, and a turn for learning; but the severity of his schoolmaster was such, that it damped all his fire.—I got a sight of this pedagogue by mere chance, and was convinced from his look that all I had heard of him was true. Dunkin's description of Paddy Murphy came immediately into my mind:

“Not thou, Priapus, who art set to fright

“The timid birds by day, and thieves by night,

“Can’st half infuse the panic, tho’ a god,

“That school-boys suffer at his angry nod.

“The

" The very youths, observant of the laws,
 " Whose long deportment merits fair applause,
 " Wax pale at his approach ; with icy fright
 " Their inmost vitals shudder at the sight ;
 " His baleful front, his awful beard, combin'd,
 " And all the tyrant rushes on their mind :
 " This for the present, and for future times
 " The vengeance due to yet unacted crimes."

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

TELL me, Oh ! tell, what kind of thing is wit,
Thou, who master art of it. —

But if you even did, I should not be a whit the wiser—did I promise you any? I think not—I am not quite so apt to make promises I cannot perform.—

Mrs. Friendly, in a day or two, sat out to acquaint the viceroy of my arrival ; as she was very much respected at court, she was not expected to return for at least a week ; and in order that I might amuse myself in that interval, she was kind enough to entrust me with the key of her library, which was tolerably well stored with ancient and modern books : the first that came to my hand was an abridgment of ancient history, in the handwriting of her husband, who like Tacitus might be said to abridge all, because
he

he saw all;—it was divided into three parts, the dark, the fabulous, and the historic; I was highly entertained with the first, it was like travelling through Fairy-land. I found that he was very sparing of his conjectures; and that his appeals to custom and tradition were the only lights by which he travelled in the second period.—The second book that came to my hand was metaphysics: I was sorry to find that the author had devoted so much time to a study of all others the most useless—I could not meet with one book of casuistry, and I was glad of it: but my rapture cannot be painted on meeting with a translation of Shakespeare into the native language of the country, in which I thought the spirit of that divine writer tolerably well preserved, particularly Romeo's description of Juliet. The Mantuan Swan was also amongst the number; so that I amused myself tolerably well till the return of my worthy friend.—The good old woman
was

was quite rejoiced to see me ; and I think I can venture to say that the joy was equal.—“The governor,” says she, “longs to see you: I told him your story from the beginning to the end, in the presence of his family ; and I do assure you it made a great impresson on them, particularly the young ladies, whose tears bore testimony to the interest they took in it.”

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have ventured on this letter with a trembling hand, but I trust—I do not know what I say—let the good-natured reader say it for me—In the course of a few days I sat out on my visit: as the court lay at some distance, the journey was exceedingly pleasant; the weather was serene, the meads and trees all harmony; the glowing shrubs arrayed in all the richest plumage of the season; the reapers stood “in fair array” before the ripened field “each by the lass he loved,”—whilst the melody of water-falls, intermingled with the music of the woods, induced me to believe at every step, that I really wandered through that delightful region, which

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K

Doctor

Doctor Jonhson has depicted in the kingdom of Amhara*.

* From the mountains on every side, rivulets descended, that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a lake in the middle, inhabited by fish of every species, and frequented by every fowl whom nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharged its superfluities by a stream which entered a dark cleft of the mountain on the northern side, and fell with dreadful noise from precipice to precipice, till it was heard no more.

The sides of the mountains were covered with trees, the banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers; every blast shook spices from the rocks, and every month dropped fruits upon the ground. All animals that bite the grass, or browse the shrub, whether wild or tame, wandered in this extensive circuit, secured from beasts of prey by the mountains which confined them. On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures, on another all the beasts of chase frisking in the lawns; the sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks; the subtle monkey was frolicking in the trees; and the solemn elephant reposing in the shade. All the diversities of the world were brought together, the blessings of nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HAVE I not kept my promise?—did I not tell you that I intended to adopt a name that could be punned on, like Alexander Neckham? I am not afraid of that species of bastard wit*.—Last

* Alexander Nequam was a famous scholar, so learned in philosophy, poetry, oratory, and theology, as hereby he obtained a glorious name, even that of Ingenii Miraculum, a Miracle of Wit. Many conceived themselves wondrous witty in making jests upon his surname *Nequam*, which in English signifieth *Bad*. He had a mind to become a monk in Saint Albans, the town of his nativity, and thus laconically wrote for leave to the Abbot thereof:

Si vis veniam, fin autem, tu autem.

To which the Abbot returned as short an answer,

Si bonus sis venias si Nequam, Nequaquam;
whereupon Nequam, to avoid such conceits in future, changed the orthography of his name into Neckham.

PRINCE'S Worthies of Devon.

K 2

week

week I passed three days at your brother's house, if I may call it his, for the servants, &c. seemed to think it their own, from the attention which they paid to every thing that belonged to it. I need not tell you I was quite happy, I eat what I pleased, drank what I pleased, sent for my bed when I pleased, slept when I pleased, dreamed when I pleased, and did what I pleased.

As I never reflect on what I have written, unless when you remind me, if the birth-place of an humble individual can be of any consequence, in addition to what I have already said on that subject, it may be easily known from the following particulars, viz.

In the Island of — the ladies are exceedingly attentive to their spelling, like the ladies of the present day in England.

— Swineherds have their pastorals, as well as shepherds.

— Every man is in pursuit of a phantom,

phantom, called in Latin the *summum bonum*.

— Every man has an horizon of his own.

As soon as we arrived we were told that the Viceroy and his family had just set out on a party of pleasure ; I was glad of this, as I hoped by their return that my spirits would be somewhat composed ; for to tell the truth I was exceedingly agitated, and almost wished myself at home again ; in the mean time I indulged my curiosity in a short survey of the palace : it was exceedingly old, it was built on the farthest point of a promontory, which shot itself into the sea—one of the oldest towers seemed an entire continuation of the shapeless rock into which it was inserted, encircled with a grove of pine and monumental oak, which seemed to have flourished in the age of acorns ; the windows were small, but numerous : about two o'clock in the afternoon the family returned—

we were not very long in waiting till I had the pleasure of seeing the Governor, who received me in the most affectionate manner ; after this I was introduced to the rest of the family, except the eldest daughter, who had stepped into the library—as soon as she entered the room I immediately recognized her to be that angelic being who had first blessed my sight on my landing on the island ; this I hailed as a happy omen of my future bliss. Our conversation turned on different subjects, till we were called to dinner—The table was covered with all the delicacies of the season, but temperance was the caterer.

“ Thus when with meats and drinks we had suffic’d,

“ Not burden’d nature”——

Elvina (the eldest daughter) invited us into the garden, in order to assist in shading some lilies, which seemed to revive at her approach—in the evening

evening she entertained us with a short account of her tour the preceding day, through an unfrequented part of the island, which she mixed with such grateful digressions (not such as mine) that I thought I could have listened for ever to her softly flowing accents. The Governor seemed to take a particular pleasure in conversing with me—his remarks were exceedingly judicious, and his reading extensive; but what surprised me most of all was, to find that he knew no more of my native soil than I do at present of the interior parts of China, or the pale dominions of Balbasio in the lunar sphere; in consequence of which I entertained him for some time with an account of its inhabitants, customs, laws, &c. The whole company seemed greatly delighted with the sketch, which I promised to reduce to writing. Elvina offered to be my amanuensis on the occasion; and the Chaplain undertook, in return, to

give us an history of his own island, which was within a few hours sail of the place we sat in ; which he did, and which he was well qualified to do, for in fact he was a man of penetration and taste, and in every other respect like that of Otway's* or your own, to whom I beg to be remembered.

Farewell.

* " My time is spent pleasantly ;
 " My lord is neither haughty nor imperious,
 " Nor I gravely whimsical : he has good nature,
 " And I have good manners.
 " His sons too are civil to me, because
 " I do not pretend to be wiser than they are ;
 " I meddle with no man's business but my own.
 " I rise in a morning early, study moderately,
 " Eat and drink chearfully, live soberly,
 " Take my innocent pleasures freely ;
 " So meet with respect, and am not the jest of the
 family."

OTWAY'S Orphan.

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The only thing I wished to avoid, and perhaps it is the only thing I can avoid, in case I followed the subject, is to keep out of extremes; as I know you are one of those that will neither strain at a mote, nor yet swallow a camel.—Not to detain you too long with strains and swallows, I shall begin where I left off, without farther ceremony.

The Governor thought he could never make enough of me; he shewed me his books, opened his cabinet, and conducted me through the mazes of his delightful labyrinths: the next day he led me to the town-house, which was built of wood, somewhat in the Gothic style, in which I had the pleasure of viewing the busts of those

who had rendered their memory dear to their fellow citizens, in being blessings to their kind ; they were cut in wood, and rubbed over with a kind of juice that prevented decay ; in one I was pleased to find the wisdom and continency of Socrates—in another the prudence of Fabius—the third, &c. the chastity of Scipio, the magnanimity of Alexander, the purity of Cato, the faith of Fabricius, and the piety of Titus, so well attested in facts that truth was the only chronicler. The gallery in which they were arranged* was curiously ornamented with antique devices, on which time seemed to make very little impression—it gave me pleasure to find that many of the governors had taken the lead in this little band, particularly one who had divided his patrimony with his brothers, Proclucius-like*. I know not

* Who had lost their own in a law-suit, through the falsity of the witnesses.

that

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267 wlg.

opened his ears to the complaint of his subjects ; nay, he visited them, and redressed their wrongs.—Ever since the island has flourished.

The Viceroy was as good as his word—the next day I had the pleasure of conversing with Mr. Smith, the author of this apology, and his lady, in whose conversation I was quite happy.

I shall reserve the remainder to my next ; and in the mean time I wish you all the happiness that can possibly attend us on this side the grave.

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

ELVINA used to drink tea in her bower, which lay at an easy distance from the castle, at the foot of a hill, which was just high enough to give you a view of the enchanting valley in which it arose—the bower was delightful: even now, in imagination, I breathe the sweets of it—the very honey-suckles curled like the tendrils of the vine—Elvina entertained us with a song, and I think I hear it yet—it almost stole me from myself. Our conversation chiefly turned upon the beauties of the place, and the mildness of the sun, which was now succeeded by the moon. As soon as we got home, the governor's eldest son conducted me to one of the old towers, which we ascended, whence we had a prospect of the sea, which was so composed, that in addition

dition to its own, it boasted all the beauty of the heavens, particularly the lamp of night, which seemed to be suspended from the middle of the starry vault—At the same time, I was enraptured with the notes of Elvina's nightingale, who called "her mistress home with music."—The ladies on our return thought to frighten us, as the popular report was that the tower was haunted. As ghosts and hobgoblins made no part of my creed, I seized the first I saw by the hand, which proved to be Elvina—a gentle trepidation seized on all my frame, which that lovely nymph attributed to fear—but I now know what to attribute it to—the reader may attribute it to what he pleases.—This letter is short enough, but a bad letter cannot be too short.

Good Night.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

PRODINUS hath said, or somebody has said it for him, and that will answer my purpose as well—that a man loves to dwell longest on those things which are dearest to him, however unimportant they may be to others. Often have I known a country squire of my acquaintance run on for an hour in praise of Jowler, and the number of foxes he had killed in his time; but in the whole course of conversation I do not remember that I once heard him mention his wife, though she was generally allowed to be a good kind of a woman, which you know is very common now-a-days.—I could not help thinking that Elvina looked after me as I departed; and in vain did I call on reason to check the presumptuous thought.

thought. The governor and his family, however, were so kind as to promise to return the visit in the course of a few days; this was some consolation, and in truth I thought those few days so many years; in the interim I was busily employed in the garden: not a flower that I heard Elvina admire, as Shenstone says, that I did not haste to plant in it. The long looked-for day at length came, and as our cottage was not large enough to entertain our noble guests, we pitched a tent within a few yards of it, on the banks of the river. The entertainment reminded me of those days of innocence, when Raphael condescended to grace the bower of our first parents. Having spent the first day in festivity, we agreed to visit that part of the shore on which I was first thrown. The whole family was greatly delighted with the structure of my bark, the manner in which I had contrived, without nails or pins, to connect it; but above all with the affection which

which I shewed for it : Elvina in particular insisted that it should be repaired; and was so kind as to commit the motto of it to her pocket-book. * The young ladies promised to renew their visit as soon as I had repaired my boat, in order to have the pleasure of sailing in it on the adjoining lake : and to make the time as short as possible I set about the pleasing task with all the dispatch imaginable, and in less than a fortnight had the pleasure of acquainting them that it was in readiness to receive them. The next morning after breakfast I had the happiness of conducting them aboard, and never did vessel bear so rich a treasure ; and do you know that I really thought that it was sensible of it? In addition to this the day was fine, and the lake was so extensive, as to indulge us in all the enjoyment of it: the beauty of the scene for some time occupied our precious moments;

No sine periculo. I swim without danger.

the

the conversation then took place betwixt Elvina and me, the particulars of which dwell so fresh on my memory, that I hope I shall be indulged the repetition at least the heads of it.

Elvina. I think I never enjoyed so much pleasure in my life. I know not the person at present, however exalted their situation, that I envy.

Author. If any thing could add to the happiness this scene imparts, it is what is just fallen from your lips.

Elvina. Mr. ———, it is not possible that you can take such an interest in my happiness.

Author. Madam, I know not what you may think, but I really speak the truth.

Elvina. Very well, Sir ; I see that you have learned the art of your sex already.

Author. Madam, I believe, on recollection, that you will find my sex as artless on those occasions as your own.

Elvina. What do you think of
Æneas,

Æneas, how did he serve the unhappy *Dido*, if we may believe the poet? — This morning I happened to look over the translation.

Author. I must confess that he treated her exceedingly ill.

Elvina. Had you been in his situation, perhaps you would have done the same.

Author. If I know my own heart I would have torn it from my bosom first.

Elvina. I think you would; and be assured that I entertain that opinion of you.

Author. Then I am happy.

Elvina. Is it possible that any opinion I can entertain to your advantage would make you happy?

Author. At present I shall only say, that the contrary would make me miserable.

Elvina. If that is the case, you may depend on it you shall never be miserable; but credulity, you know, is the leading feature of our sex.

Author.

Author. But will you consider, Madam, the power of your sex.

Elvina. What power?

Author. A power, indeed, which I am not able to describe, and of which the poets seem so sensible, that they have ascribed every thing that can subdue the heart of man to your sex. Witness the expression of Adam on his pretended superiority over Eve.

Elvina. Ay, but they have placed the fatal dart in the hand of your sex with much more truth.—Do you remember Cupid?

Author. I do not know but I may remember him.

The sun by this had sloped his western wheel, in consequence of which we directed our course along the shore, which was shaded with lofty pines and horn-beam; scarce a branch that did not bend with the melody of birds, which was now heightened with the notes of Elvina, in a song of her own
compo-

composition, of which the following is a very imperfect translation:

The flattering gale
Will court the sail,
When in the harbour lying ;—
But when at sea,
False man, like thee,
Adieu to tears and sighing.

In life how oft the same appears,
There flattery has her sighs and tears ;
The mirror her deceitful main,
To which fond beauty trusts in vain ;
Let prudence then direct your sails,
Nor trust to smiles nor flattering gales.

As soon as the ladies retired, I felt myself in a situation to which I had been hitherto an entire stranger ; the happiness I had enjoyed in the conversation of Elvina continually played on my imagination—her image was ever present to my mind, haunting me in my dreams ; but what surprized me most of all was, to think that such an image should bring the pangs along with it which I felt, but they were
delicious

delicious pangs ; I could not conceive what it was that affected me : I that was heretofore so fond of society, and the charms of conversation, sought the deepest shade, delighted only to walk on the margin of the murmuring stream, absorbed in thought : I could not bear the voice of music, unless it flowed in the most pathetic strain ; even sleep, that used to weigh down my eyes with soft oppression, neglected to pay his balmy visits, and if I chanced to fall a victim to his soft influence, I was sure to dream of Elvina ; but my dreams were so confused, that I could only recollect that I gazed on her cheek, her air, or her eyes, the latter in particular—those magazines of love *in quibus totus conspicitur animus*, as the old philosopher well observes, which have a peculiar language of their own, and which nothing can express——

“ O blandos oculos & inquietos,

“ Et quadam propria nota loquaces,” &c.

not the *oculorum mobilis petulantia*.

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L

I could

I could not conceive what it was that affected me, till I happened on a day to take up Thomson's Seasons, in which as a mirror I soon discovered the cause of my pain.—Alas ! I found that I had not escaped the dart of Cupid*—the disease, as I may call it, thus discovered, my next attention was to conceal it if possible ; and in truth I found this a very difficult task. So true is the saying of the poet. I did not escape, however, unnoticed, but I had the address to ascribe it to another cause ; I was so innocent as to think that it could be cured. In the first place I called reason to my aid, but I soon found that reason is treason in love—I contrasted my situation with that of the beloved object, but soon found that love will hope where reason would despair ; notwithstanding

* “ But absent, what fantastic woes arous'd,
 “ Range in each thought, by restless musing
 fed,” &c. THOMSON.

the

the disparity of our fortunes, I soothed myself with the saying of the Spaniard, "that where merit is without limits hope may well be without bounds."— Oh, Fontenelle! how truly hast thou said, "that love is the revenue of beauty, and whoever sees beauty without offering love is guilty of downright robbery!" which I should be sorry to be charged with.

Good Night.

LETTER XXXII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

BUT who is she that walketh in maiden innocence, through yonder purple mead, with a primrose-bud, the promise of Spring, on her snowy breast?—her garment brighter than the light which streams from Berenice's hair—her eyes are milder than the twin dew-drops of April—at her approach all things revive, even Narcissus pale raises his head—the stream forgets to chide the interrupting pebble, and the birds melt into softer notes.—It is Hope: Thou art welcome to my cottage, let my eyes drink in thy beams, thou that delightest to cheer the drooping soul, to pour oil into the lover's wounds, to breathe upon the melting messenger of love, and

and to sooth the prisoner when robbed of his spider*.

Shakespeare says he marked the bolt of Cupid, and that it fell upon a little plant, called *Love in idleness*; the moral immediately struck me—I was resolved that every moment should be employed, but could not help indulging thought at times—in one of those intervals I carved the following lines on a pine, in the deepest part of the wood:

On the Loveliest of her Sex.

All that beauty can inspire—
 All that language can impart—
 All that silence can admire—
 All that's elegant in art,
 Centres in—I dare not name her—
 Should she pity, do not blame her.

* An unhappy wretch having been thrown into the Bastile, in order to cheat the lingering hours, used to amuse himself with a spider, which the inhuman gaoler killed, as soon as he observed the intimacy that existed betwixt them.

Such an union in a mortal—

Does she breathe—Oh! tell us where;
Have you peep'd through heaven's bright
portal

In a dream, and saw her there?
Still on earth she deigns to dwell,
But her name I dare not tell.

Farewell.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIII.

Viro musis fatis grato Ricardo——
Arma gerenti.

NOW by the beard of Saint Wilgefort*, and the legend declares it to be a very long one, I intended when I began this novel to trouble you with one letter—you will not be surprised at my zig-zag manner—you know me well enough. Aristotle reckoned him worthy of a statue that first invented rattles and children's baubles, why then should I be ashamed to tell the reader that I employed a good deal of time in the formation of nick-nacks?—my rocking-horse was greatly admired, and I believe I was the first that introduced the peg-top.—Having passed about a fortnight in this species of amusement, we were invited by the

* Vid. Horæ sec. usum Sarum.

governor to spend a few weeks at a lodge he had newly purchased. This was joyful tidings—I liked the whole family, but Elvina was the magnet of my heart-strings; the chaplain brought the invitation, and the more I entered into his character, I liked him the better, as he took as much pleasure to convince you of the truth of any of his positions, as Pythagoras did when he demonstrated the equality between the sides of a rectangular triangle, and the square of its base. In short, he was a lover of truth—Mrs. Friendly and I accompanied him to the vicarial seat, and were received with a welcome I cannot describe.

Your's sincerely,

C. N.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIV.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

“MY time, O ye muses, was happily spent” in company with Elvina, or stretched in the shade, where, as Drayton says,

“The birds strove which should sweetliest sing.”

Perhaps it is not too late to tell you, that Elvina—whose thoughts were so pure that they might be written on the unfin'd lily, and on whose bosom the heavenly dove of pity loved to rest—perhaps it may not be too late to tell you, that she endowed a small school for the education of orphans. I went to see the little nursery, the little flower-garden, in which I was so highly pleased with the buds of innocence, that I know you will excuse me if I dwell a little longer on it than I intended when I took up the

L 5

pen.

pen. The little building was reared in a valley, sheltered from those blasts "that gall the infants of the Spring;" it well suited its inhabitants; the inside of the walls was ornamented with polished pebble, whose wavy dies had a most agreeable effect. I could not discern any paintings, and I was sorry for it—there was a figure of Moses in the bull-rushes, done by the needle, and inimitably executed; the smiles of the baby, and the tenderness of Pharaoh's daughter, were finely imagined.

As the benefit of the institution was every day visible, it was determined to enlarge it by voluntary contributions; for this purpose it was resolved that a charity sermon should be annually preached for that purpose; and I was pleased to find that it fell on the Sunday following.—The governor and his whole family repaired to the church, which was remarkably neat—they had only resorted to the quarry for an altar-piece of a light cedar

dar colour, which was ornamented with pilasters, with gilt capitals, entablature, and compass pediment, under which was a glory encompassed with cherubims, and these words, *Sursum corda*, this was enough.—The looks of the preacher, as Goldsmith says, adorned the venerable place. The discourse was excellent—an appeal at once to humanity and reason; but the hymn which proceeded out of the mouths of the babes and sucklings, for they were little more, wafted the very soul to the footstool of grace:

- “ Around thy throne in silence, all
- “ Our kind, our watchful guardians meet;
- “ Down, down the conscious seraphs fall,
- “ Adore and tremble at thy feet.
- “ What beams of bliss, what light, what love,
- “ From thence those happy minds inspire;
- “ They rising sing, their joys improve,
- “ Loud halleluiahs swell the choir!”

Adieu.

LETTER XXXV.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN the Roman mythology the fatal sisters are spinsters—in the northern mythology they are weavers. I never gave myself any trouble to find out who it was that wove or spun the web of my life; all that I know is that, to the time I am speaking of, it was damasked, I may say with roses, but I now began to find that those roses were not without thorns.—Elvina entered into all our amusements, in which angels might have mingled, and in which no doubt they did; this, however, could not secure us from the shafts of sorrow. One evening, as we were collecting some beautiful shells on the sea-shore, Elvina complained of a head-ache; when we got home it was encreased to that degree that she was obliged to retire to bed; this affected

fectd me very much ; I hoped, however, that a little rest and a cordial, which she had been prevailed on to take, would relieve her ; with these hopes I went to bed, but could get no rest: the welcome dawn, so long looked for, at length arrived, but the news that Elvina was still as bad as ever, or rather worse, cast a gloom over it as dark as the shades of night.—A very sensible man in the neighbourhood, who had made physick a principal part of his study was immediately sent for—I watched his departure, in order, if possible, to learn his opinion, which I found he was very cautious of giving ; all that I could draw from him was, that it was a nervous fever, and that he had advised it necessary to call in a physician—the very name of a physician was sufficient to frighten me, and from this single circumstance I concluded that it was all over. The doctor came, and I thought there was healing in his very looks, for perhaps
a sweeter

a sweeter countenance seldom falls to the lot of man—he made no scruple of telling me that her pulse was exceedingly low, and that if she did not take the medicines he prescribed he could not answer for her situation—I was sorry to hear that she was so averse from taking whatever was prescribed. The doctor returned in the evening, and as her head was rather worse, he ordered her feet to be fomented, which brought on a short sleep, during which I really thought I was in Paradise.—Mrs. Friendly sat by her bedside the whole time, and as soon as she awoke brought me word that she thought her somewhat easier—having drank in this intelligence with a greedy ear, I took a turn in the garden, and thought that the flowers looked ten times fairer than they did a few hours before; from thence I went to my chamber, and thought I found an inclination to read a little—I took up a book, and the first passage I happened to
alight

alight on was the Garland, written by Prior. Though I had read the poem before, I could not help reading it again, as I thought there was something ominous in it*, especially that stanza

- * " The pride of every grove I chose,
- " The violet sweet and lily fair,
- " The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
- " To deck my charming Chloe's hair.
- " At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
- " Upon her brow the various wreath;
- " The flowers less blooming than her face,
- " The scent less fragrant than her breath.
- " The flowers she wore along the day:
- " And ev'ry nymph and shepherd said,
- " That in her hair they look'd more gay
- " Than glowing in their native bed.
- " Undress'd at evening, when she found
- " Their odours lost, their colours past,
- " She chang'd her look, and on the ground
- " Her garland and her eye she cast.
- " That eye dropp'd sense distinct and clear,
- " As any Muse's tongue could speak,
- " When from its lid a pearly tear
- " Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

" Dissembling

stanza that related to Stella. It was but a few days before that I had collected the pride of every grove to deck Elvina's hair; and who knows, said I, but in a few days hence I shall be em-

- "Dissembling what I knew too well,
 "My love, my life, said I, explain;
 "This change of humour pr'ythee tell:
 "That falling tear, what does it mean?"
- "She sigh'd, she smil'd, and to the flow'rs
 "Pointing, the lovely moralist said—
 "See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
 "See yonder, what a change is made.
- "Ah me! the blooming pride of May,
 "And that of beauty, are but one;
 "At morn both flourish bright and gay,
 "Both fade at evening, pale and gone.
- "At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung,
 "The amorous youth around her bow'd;
 "At night her fatal knell was rung,
 "I saw and kiss'd her in her shroud.
- "Such as she is, who dy'd to-day,
 "Such I, alas! may be to-morrow:
 "Go Damon, bid thy muse display
 "The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow."

ployed

ployed in the tender task of collecting flowers to strew her hearse—sweets to the sweets?——Toward evening her head-ache encreased, and my anguish encreased in proportion; my only comfort was, that I thought I felt my head ache too, and that if she went I should follow after.—My mind was so distracted, that I knew not what to do—My flute presented itself; I took it up, and having breathed two or three pensive airs, Mrs. Friendly came to me, and desired that I would play a few more, as Elvina thought she felt some ease at some of the tender falls. I was happy to find that I could contribute in the least to her relief—I know not what it was that inspired me, but I think I touched on some notes that I never had the felicity of awakening before or since. Some time previous Elvina had composed a song, which I set to music, and as I played it, weak as she was, she accompanied the air at intervals with a few of the words.

The

The physician was very well pleased to find the effect which music had on her, and recommended it at times.—That night I composed the following, which was my second attempt in poetry, if it may be called by that name :

As cygnets only sing in death,
 As lilies waft a sweeter breath
 When dying—hear, ye Powers divine,
 To thy poor suppliant's voice incline :
 For once, oh ! let those omens fail,
 In secret let those sighs prevail,
 Bid death suspend his levell'd dart,
 Or else transfix it in my heart.

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

ON the eleventh night of Elvina's sickness, as I was laying on my bed, with the candle burning on a chair beside me, Mrs. Friendly entered, and desired me not to be alarmed. I had only power to say, "I suppose she is no more!"—"Yes, she is yet alive; but she has just had a violent fit, in which I thought she would have expired—she is now come to herself, and seems inclined to sleep."—Mrs. Friendly returned in the course of a few minutes, to tell me that she was asleep, and that she breathed pretty freely.--"The fates may call, but God can recall," this was all I said. Mrs. Friendly, who was the best nurse in the world, insisted on my taking a small potion, which composed my spirits so far, that in the course of half an hour I fell asleep also,
and

and did not wake till four o'clock the next morning. The first news was, that Elvina had a glorious night—that was the expression I remember. Every countenance was brightened up with smiles, especially when the doctor ventured to pronounce her out of all danger, provided his directions were followed ;—and perhaps no directions ever were more punctually attended to.

Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS would be the place, perhaps you will say, to indulge reflections on sickness, youth, and the uncertainty of every thing in this life—but the poets and naturalists, and those who love to view every object through the discoloured medium of melancholy, have already said so much on this subject, that if I even had a mind, there is nothing left for me to say—"I am glad of it," says my old friend, Mr. N. who has just left me; "give us something that will make us laugh, we meet with enough to make us cry; and though we are indebted to a sick-bed for one of the finest poems in any language, I mean the Book of Job, yet I am no great admirer of those sickly productions; I want to read something that will

will *unbend* me"—this pun came very well from a man, who is almost double with age.—Elvina mended apace : in a short time the primrose yielded up its short-lived reign to the lily ; and the lily divided its empire on the loveliest of cheeks with the rose. A day of general thanksgiving was set apart, and the Governor, as the best testimony of his gratitude to Heaven, paid the debts of a number of unfortunate men, whose creditors' hearts were less relentless than the walls of their prisons. Mrs. Friendly was impatient to get home, as she longed to embrace her grandsons, of whose health she used to receive an account twice a week at least ; the harvest also required her presence. The Governor made us some presents on our departure : I could only be prevailed on to accept a book from Elvina, and a picture from each of her amiable sisters ; the first was a snow-drop, in water-colours, the emblem of her mind that gave it ;
and

and the second was a portrait of Elvina, which I am afraid I have lost, but the impresson remains, and ever shall remain in my heart.

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU may remember, when you and I travelled together to ——— that we stopped two days and as many nights, at a little village in our way—nay, I think, it was something out of our way; and you know it was as much as I could do, to persuade you to set off the third morning: Was it business that detained you? No, it was the beauty of the place, and for a month after you could talk of nothing else, the landlady excepted.—Now in the name then of all our Tutelar and Titular saints, why should you be displeased with me for dwelling on a subject that is so dear to me?—

“ Oh ! memory thou soul of joy and Pain,
“ Thou actor of our passions o’er again.”

I be-

I believe I told you that I caught hold of Elvina's hand, which was as fair as a lily, and still softer than it was fair; such was the sweet confusion into which it involved me, that I cannot recollect whether she drew it hastily out of mine or no—as soon as I came to myself a little, I began to reflect on my temerity, and to tremble for the consequence. A few minutes relieved me; a smile convinced me that she was not displeased with me.

In hastening to the end, I do not recollect that I mentioned our visit to the metropolis of the island, which might be six miles distant from the viceregal palace; the Governor thought the jaunt would be agreeable: Elvina proposed going by water; and as the weather was fine, the proposal was immediately agreed to. The city as it was called consisted of about 2000 inhabitants, the houses were exceedingly neat, two stories high in general,

built of wood, and thatched with reeds. — The streets were remarkably wide, and lined with trees; — the town garden, which was the property of the citizens, might be about half as large again as the Green Park; the grand gate had been just finished; it was the design of the governor to have ornamented it with a figure of Plenty, but the citizens' wives would have none but Priapus. — Independent of this each house-keeper had a garden immediately annexed to his house, in which I was pleased to find that the art of gardening was carried to a tolerable degree of perfection; and I found it was a general rule to place the temple of Cloacina at a proper distance.

Having dined at the house of one of the magistrates, we went thence to visit the castle, which was the oldest building in the city; tradition had not even preserved the name of the founder. Do you wonder at that?

Not

Not in the least.—Has even history preserved the names of those that raised the lofty pyramids of Egypt—those monuments of human power for no human purpose?—Reconcile Herodotus and Diodorus, if you can, or if you have nothing else to do.—The grand saloon was hung with a kind of tapestry, sprinkled with flowers, conceits and devices of rare invention.—There were some statues, but very rude, I could discern only one in marble, an inimitable figure of Niobe, dumb with grief. Over the door I happened to spy the effigy of a man in the habit of a peasant, but there was a dignity in his air; his brows were bound with a slender fillet of wheat, so naturally executed that I scarce could persuade myself that it was not real.—From thence we went to the theatre, which was a separate building in the form of a circle exceedingly large. The stage rose up

in the middle.—The prætor, on seeing me view the whole very attentively, addressed me thus: “ This theatre is not destined to the representation of plays; in this island it is a custom, time immemorial, to appoint a number of persons of distinguished talents and veracity, to record the meritorious actions of the inhabitants; once a year the whole island, or as many as chuse, assemble in this theatre to hear those actions read by the historians themselves; by this means every man is acquainted with the history of his country, the rise and progress of the arts; a generous emulation is thus fanned, and the seeds of patriotism and virtue implanted and cherished in every breast, to that degree in general that I have known the meanest virtue rise up and expand like the grain of mustard-seed in scripture.”—I was charmed with this account, and still more so, when he told me that the first

first of those assemblies would take place in less than ten days, and that I must not think of departing until I heard the life of an illustrious hero read, who had expired in the arms of victory.—I had the pleasure of hearing his life read; and as he had fallen in defence of the liberties of his country, I thought that his eulogy would turn entirely on his feats in battle; instead of that I was very much surprized to find that his filial affection, his humanity, his patronage of the arts, his integrity in the senate, &c. took the lead. When the historian however came to the circumstances of his death, the whole audience melted into tears.—His bust was then placed on the stage, the Genius of the island first appeared in the habit of a beautiful young woman, with a dejected air that could not be feigned: having placed a crown of laurel on his head, in

which each of the Virtues in their turn inserted an emblematic flower, Envy came in last of all, and with a reluctant hand placed a sprig of bays on the top of the whole.

Farewell.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIX.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WOULD not advise you to read this till after dinner, or at least till you are sure that you are in a good, temper on your own account and mine: this ought to be reserved, you will say, for the postscript; but perhaps it would come too late in that order. You see I have passed over ten days of which I have said nothing, and in truth all that I could say, were I inclined to be more particular than I am, is, that they passed over so agreeably, that I could scarce persuade myself that the whole exceeded so many hours—such is the celerity of Time when Pleasure holds the glass.—The supper was usually crowned with a story from some of the best writers: and as I read a number of pa-

M 4 thetic

thetic tales, I had the pleasure of observing, that as often as I touched on any one founded on disinterested love and faithful passion, that Elvina was fure to transcribe the particulars of it into a book which she had prepared for that purpose ; and indeed it was surprising to think how she improved, even on the most tender expressions.

LETTER

LETTER XL.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE Arabians, speaking of the cure of love, advise to take occasion (says Doctor Ferrand) to discourse of the party that is the cause of this passion, in the hearing of the patient, and to reckon up all her imperfections, making them more and greater than they are, and even to set forth her virtues in the colour and shape of vices.

*Et mala sunt vicina bonis : errore sub illo,
Pro vitio, virtus crimina sæpe tulit.*

I thought to try this remedy, but when I began to think of the imperfections of her sex, I could find none in her. I cast my eye forward, and strove to persuade myself, that I saw time robbing her eyes of their lustre, and her cheeks of those roses that bloomed in paradise, while "innocence and love

were in their prime," but my heart immediately rose up in rebellion, called forth the beauties of her mind, and filled her eyes with the lustre of uncreated light, a beam of the Divinity itself.—How did my heart reproach me, when I received the following !

SIR,

A gentleman has just told me that you fell from the top of a rock, and hurt your knee ; he saw how much it affected me (for I always tremble at the recital of an accident) and only repeated that you had cut your knee, but that you would be well in a day or two—may that part of his story be true, but I am afraid—It will not affect me so much to hear the whole from yourself—Do not deceive me, nor keep me in pain, I shall be so uneasy till I hear from you.

ELVINA.

It is not easy to paint the emotions I felt on reading this letter ; and as I
did

did not wish of all things to keep her uneasy, I wrote the following answer.

MADAM,

Your note was so kind that I imagined your dove dictated it; but what dove so tender as your heart?—I am not much hurt—I do not deceive you—the wound is very slight on the side of my knee; in a day or two I hope to be well; but how shall I thank you for the interest you take in every thing that concerns me?

I am,

Madam,

Yours most sincerely,

C. NORTH.

LETTER

LETTER XLI.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HOPE you will excuse me for dwelling so long on a subject that made an impression on my heart that can never be erased, particularly if you recollect that mine was an age, when springing youth made it a debt to nature. Once more I was determined to try the effect of employment, for which purpose I used to rise every morning as soon as the cock had rung his first matin ; sometimes I directed the plough, worked in the garden, or assisted Mrs. Friendly in collecting simples, but in vain ; hope still whispered, that remedies yet remained, and that medicine could boast of a cure for this purpose. I read over all that Gordon, Arnaldus, Avicen, had written on the subject, but in vain ; for in the end I found

found out the truth of what Ovid has sung, that no herbs will cure love. Thus finding that it was easier to yield than persist, I amused myself with all that the poets have written on this passion, that is on those that really felt what they painted, of which I am now a pretty good judge. I must declare that Dryden, Cowley, Fontenelle, &c. have only described the offspring of their own imagination: love and poetry are coeval, and I may add painting too, for my next employment was to picture the lovely form of my mistress; and impossible it is to express the rapture which I felt in striking out a line, which happened to give me back, as it were, the image of my mind. I was even happy in the possession of her image, but could not bear to think that any other should possess the original; this was the thought that pierced my breast, and imbibited all the rapture that I enjoyed in her conversation, which I strove to fly,
but

but in vain ; in a short time I was even deprived of this happiness, for the governor was recalled, and his family of course attended him. I shall not detain you with what I felt on this occasion, as I am certain I have already trespassed too long on your patience, and the only consolation I had was, that I thought our adieu was mutual, and that I could still enjoy the pleasure of visiting those delightful scenes, in which I had participated so much of her company ; but alas ! this only served to renew my grief, but it was a pleasing grief. I was warmly invited to accompany them—never was there such a conflict between love and gratitude ; the first pleaded for Elvina, and the second for Mrs. Friendly—and as the balance was near finding its level, hope whispered that I should see Elvina once more. The governor who succeeded him arrived in a short time ; his character was variously spoken of ; his family was large, and said to be exceedingly affable ;

fable ; he had scarcely been a month in the island, when I had the honour of receiving the following note from him.

“ SIR,

“ A particular friend of mine has spoken so highly of you, that I wish of all things to see you. My family are so disconsolate on leaving their native soil, that we really stand in need of a friend to enliven us a little. I have a good collection of books, which are entirely at your service, with this proviso, that you are not to spend more of your time with them, than with

Your humble servant,

S— D—.”

To this I returned the following answer.

SIR,

I am exceedingly sorry to learn that any thing should affect your worthy family,

family, and still more so to find that I cannot contribute to the dissipation of that sorrow which naturally accompanies all benevolent minds on being removed out of the circle of their acquaintance and friends.—I need not tell your excellency, however, that some persons are like pictures, fitter for a corner than a full light: I am really one of those, and you will find me to be so—it is some time since I conversed with any one, especially those of exalted sentiment, that I am certain you will be very much disappointed with all that my friends have been so obliging as to say in my favour—*minuit præsentia formam*.—I shall do myself the honour notwithstanding to wait on your Excellency; and am,

Sir,

Your most devoted humble Servant,

C. NORTH.

LETTER

LETTER XLII.

I WAS introduced to the new governor at his *maison de plaisir*; he was amusing himself with a pet fox, which had just killed a blackbird, and for which he did not evince the same contrition that Saint *Kieran* did for the commission of a lesser crime*; though

* Saint *Kieran* had several foxes that served him tamely, whom he used to call by the name of monks (a very good name!) one of these stole his shoes with a purpose to eat them, to whom the holy man said, "Brother, why hast thou done this ill thing, which it becomes not a *monk* to do? Behold our water is sweet and common, and our meat is divided in common among us all; and if thou hadst a mind, according to thy nature, to eat flesh, God Almighty, for our sake, would have made it of the bark of trees."—Which melting speech so wrought upon the fox, that he begged his pardon, did penance by fasting, eating nothing till the holy man had bade him.

COLGANUS *Vit. S. KIERAN*, 5 *Mart. p.* 459.

his

his master said, he was one of the most sensible animals in the creation.

I never studied physiognomy, but I did not like the Viceroy's countenance. *Siracides* says, a man may be known by his looks. Cicero calls the forehead *animi janua*; now there was something written on it which I did not like to read; but the old saying came into my mind, *Fronti nulla fides*, no trusting to title pages—I could easily observe that he was very reserved, and in the beginning only talked on general subjects. He invited me to dinner, and when the wine began to warm, he talked more freely. Perhaps the reader would wish to have a specimen of our conversation.

Governor. This is a fine country, Mr. North.

Author. Yes, Sir, St. Augustine says, that good ground consists in the altitude of mountains, in the temperament
of

of hills, and in the fertility of level fields ; and I think the mountains of this island are high enough, the hills crowned with perpetual verdure, and the plains exceedingly fruitful.

Governor. The Saints were better miracle-mongers than farmers.

Author. True.

Governor. Have you many scholars in the country ?

Author. Yes, Sir, one in particular, who would do honour to any age or country—his whole life has been devoted to the pursuit of science.

Governor. A very useless pursuit.

Author. It must be a very pleasing one, to trace the progress of that, which I may say distinguishes man from the brute creation, and in some measure exalts his alliance to the Deity.

Governor. Do you think so ?

Author. I really do. Now we shall take a single science—architecture ;
witness

witness what Sir William Hamilton says of it—I have written it down in my pocket-book.

Governor. Be so kind as to read it.

Author. “ The first edifices raised by men, when they ceased to inhabit caverns, or to retire into hollow trees, were, according to Vitruvius, the models which architecture in its infancy aimed at copying; art, instructed by experience, and encouraged by luxury, taught the latter to embellish the rustic huts, which necessity had instructed them to build; the trees were employed to hold together the wood-work of these huts, the rafters which supported the roof, the roof itself, presented themselves as types for an art, which labouring to diminish the wants of men draws its principal merit from its utility, and only seeks to render life agreeable by multiplying its conveniencies. Thus by a sort of metamorphosis the rustic roof was changed into a pediment,
the

the rafters into architraves, and the trees roughly hewn into pillars reduced to proportion; when, by way of contrast, which however recalled the history of the art, the origin of things, and the *equality* nature has placed amongst men, the magnificence of the temples of the gods, and the most sumptuous palaces of kings, preserved the stamp of the simplicity and poverty of the first ages, and taught the pride of powerful men that the greatest things, of which they are most vain, often owe their first principles to the smallest."

Governor. All nonsense.—I suppose you are for plays too.

Author. Archbishop Tillotson was a very grave writer, and he says, "Plays may be so framed, and governed by such rules, as not only to be innocently diverting, but instructive and useful—to put some follies and vices out of countenance, which cannot perhaps be so decently reprov'd,
nor

nor so effectually exposed and corrected any other way."

Here the discourse, I may say, ended.

Good Night.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



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